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Sydney Howard Gay,
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☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

"The Peculiar Institution."

SOUTHERN INDUSTRY.

I place the following article, which appears as a communication in the Charleston Courier, under its appropriate head, the Peculiar Institution. It is a captivating picture of the blessings of the Patriarchal system, and the more striking, because drawn by one whose testimony cannot be doubted, and who meant it, as in no degree a disparagement of Slavery.

Surely there is nothing in cotton spinning that can poison the atmosphere of South Carolina. Why not spin as well as plant cotton? The same hand that attends the gin may work a carding machine—the girl, who is capable of making thread on a country spinning-wheel, may do the same with equal facility on the *Throstle frame*—the woman who can warp the thread and weave it on a common loom, may soon be taught to do the same on the *power-loom*; and so with all the departments, from the raw cotton to the cloth; experience has proved that any child, white or black, of ordinary capacity, may be taught in a few weeks to be expert in any part of a cotton factory; moreover, all overseers who have experience in the matter, give a decided preference to blacks as operatives.

There are many reasons why blacks should be preferred, two of which may be adduced. First—you are not under the necessity of educating them, and have, therefore, their uninterrupted services from the age of eight years. The second is—that when you have your mill filled with expert hands, you are not subjected to the change which is constantly taking place with whites. In the Northern States these are inconveniences of no small moment. In Massachusetts, the laws forbid the employment of persons under *fourteen* years of age, unless the employer can show a certificate from a schoolmaster, stating that the individual had been at school three months in the year. The teaching of new hands, and the constant change of operatives, are evils seriously felt, and in the summer season, when it is desirable to ramble in the country, many Eastern factories have one-third of their machinery standing idle for want of hands. While on this part of my subject, I would ask, shall we stop at the effort to prove the capacity of blacks for manufacturing? Shall we pass unnoticed the thousands of poor, ignorant, degraded white people among us, who, in this land of plenty, live in comparative nakedness and starvation? Many a one is reared in *proud* South Carolina from birth to manhood, who has never passed a month in which he has not some part of the time been stinted for meat. Many a mother is there who will tell you that her children are but scantily supplied with meat, and if they be clad with comfortable raiment, it is at the expense of their scanty allowance of food. These may be startling statements, but they are nevertheless true, and if not believed in Charleston, the members of our Legislature, who have traversed the State in electioneering campaigns, can attest their truth.

It is only necessary to build a manufacturing village of shanties, in a healthy location in any part of the State, to have crowds of these poor people around you, seeking employment at half the compensation given to operatives at the North. It is, indeed, painful to be brought in contact with such ignorance and degradation, but, on the other hand, it is pleasant to witness the change which soon takes place in the condition of those who obtain employment. The emaciated, pale-faced children, soon assume the appearance of robust health—their tattered garments are exchanged for those suited to a better condition; if you visit their dwellings, you will find their tables supplied with wholesome food, and on the Sabbath, when the females turn out in their gay-colored gowns, you will imagine yourself surrounded by groups of city belles. How easy would it be for the proprietors of such establishments, with only a small share of philanthropy, to make good use of the school-fund in meliorating the condition of this class of our population, now but little elevated above the Indian of the forest. The cause of this degradation and poverty will hereafter be noticed. It is an interesting subject, and one that ought to engage the attention of every philanthropist and Christian. It is, perhaps, not generally known, that there are *twenty thousand* white persons in this State, who can neither read nor write; this is about one in every thirteen of the white population.

That we are behind the age in agriculture, the mechanical arts, industry, and enterprise, is apparent to all who pass through our State Our good city of Charleston speaks a language on this subject not to be mistaken; she has lost one thousand of her population, according to the census of 1840, while her sister cities have doubled and quadrupled theirs; she has had, for thirteen years, the advantage of the South Carolina Railroad, which, under ordinary circumstances, should have doubled the number of her population. How does she now stand? Precisely where she stood twenty years ago, and, but for the two conflagrations which swept off many of her old houses, she would present at this moment the same appearance that she did in 1824. Where is the city, in this age of improvement, except Charleston, in which a bookbinder or job-printer is prohibited the use of a small steam-engine, to enable him to carry on his business with more facility, and to cheapen those articles that we are purchasing from other cities, more liberal to their artisans? and where a carpenter is not allowed the use of the same, to turn a circular saw, or drive a mortising chisel, to enable him to compete with others in supplying us with ready-made doors, blinds, sashes, shutters, &c.? Even the boxes in which our merchandise is packed, are made in the city of New-York, by steam-power, and brought to our very doors. The bookbinder, tanner, currier, hatter, wagon-maker, carriage-maker, carpenter, turner, tinner, and, in fact, every branch of mechanism, find steam-power indispensable; and knowing, as we do, that they are unrestricted in its use in other cities, why are our mechanics forbid to use it in this city? There is a strong disposition manifested by this class of our citizens to elevate and improve their several trades; and if they were properly encouraged, there is no doubt that a great change would soon be wrought; but the labor of negroes and blind horses can never supply the place of *steam*, and this power is withheld lest the smoke of an engine should disturb the delicate nerves of an agriculturist, or the noise of the mechanic's hammer should break in upon the slumber of a real estate holder or importing merchant, while he is indulging in fanciful dreams, or building on paper *the Queen city of the South*, the *paragon* of the age. No reflections on the members of the City Council are here intended; they are no doubt fairly representing public opinion on this subject; some of that body are known to be in favor of a modification of these restrictions, which certainly are behind the age, and are a reproach to our city. Our mechanics ought to rise in their strength, and procure the signatures of all liberal-minded men to a *petition* to the city authorities, asking that they may be placed on the same footing, in this respect, as the tradesmen of other cities.

These restrictions are but in character with many other things; and while we are on this subject, permit us to ask whether any other town of the same size would have allowed the greatest work of the age, the Hamburg Railroad, to come into the city and find its terminus in a mud-hole, scarcely passable in the winter season for a family carriage, much less for a loaded wagon. It cannot be denied that it is a disgrace to the City and Neck, that this great work, which will immortalize its projectors, should not have been met by a stone road leading from it to our wharves. That the hundreds of thousands of bales of produce and merchandise that have entered into and departed from our city during the last thirteen years, should have been dragged through the sand and mud of King and Meeting streets, demonstrates a fact about which there can be no mistake—the hand of enterprise is not among us. And shall we continue in our downward course? Is it not time that a warning voice were raised to proclaim it to the good people of Charleston, that in these times of enterprise, no city need expect to thrive that does not encourage and foster the mechanic arts, and artisans? It is this class of men that gives life, strength, and vigor to all branches of trade, and every department of life, and if they were properly encouraged, our city authorities would no longer have to resort to dram-shop licenses for revenue, money would soon be found to pay her debts and to pave her streets. Let our City Council begin by removing the restrictions on the use of the steam-engine. Who would not rather have an occasional whiff of the smoke of a steam-engine than the scent of an odious grog-shop? The one a benefit, the other a curse to the community. So far as fire risks are concerned, it would be safer to have three engines than one such magazine of mischief and corruption licensed by our City Council, under the title of "retailers of ardent spirits."

Need anything be said about the amount of capital required for embarking in these pursuits? It is only necessary to revert to the fact, that lands and negroes pay but *three* per cent. when engaged in the culture of cotton, and to name the price of five and six per cent. State stocks. Need a word be said as to the men who are to carry on these enterprises? It is only necessary to point you to the bone and sinew that are leaving our city and State to enrich and populate others. Any one that has visited Mississippi and Alabama can soon point to the *maelstrom* that has swallowed up so much of the capital and enterprise of South Carolina.

The period is fast approaching in South Carolina, which shall produce a great change in these matters. Many persons are now looking to the subject of manufactures with intense interest, and it is believed many men and much capital would at once embark in this business, could this field of profitable enterprise be laid open before our wealthy business men of Charleston, a host of whom can be found with nerves that never tire, and with as much foretaste and shrewdness as the merchant manufacturers of Boston, and these gentlemen see that it is only necessary that Georgia and the two Carolinas shall engage in the manufacture of *coarse* cotton fabrics, in order to monopolize the trade in these articles. What is to prevent such a result? Have we not the raw material on the spot, thus saving the freight of a double transportation? Is not labor cheaper with us than with our Northern brethren? and if we believe that they are reaping such golden harvests, what shall prevent our participation in the spoils? Let the ball be set in motion, then will our miserably poor white population at once rise from their ignorance and degradation, and we shall no longer hear the complaint, that planting capital will pay no more than three per cent. The commerce and trade of our State would at once receive a fresh impulse—our city would become a mart for domestic goods—railroad stocks would increase in value—our city would disrobe herself of her old-fashioned, rusty, tattered, and torn garments, to be clad in the fashionable clothing of the day—her whitened walls and improved suburbs would remind the stranger, as he passed through, that the hand of industry and enterprise was at work among us. Our retired merchants would find it no longer necessary or desirable to invest their capital, or look for rural retirement, in other States; they would find that we have in our up-country, within a few hours' ride of Charleston, all the advantages that we can desire for such purposes; and, beside spending our money among ourselves, they would find that there is no better country for the profitable employment of capital, or the enjoyment of rural retirement, than South Carolina.

Selections.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

ADDRESS TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Respected Friends and Fellow Laborers,—Every progressive step of the Anti-Slavery cause in Europe is hailed with exulting joy by those in the western world, who, with you, are waging war against the hosts of oppression. Often have their hearts been cheered, and their hands strengthened by the evidences of your fidelity, or the tokens of your success, and from you do they confidently expect yet nobler efforts and sacrifices in the cause of universal liberty. Your recent efforts to prevent an extension of the traffic in the blood-stained productions of slave labor, could not but be deeply interesting to that portion of American Abolitionists, who have, for several years past, devoted themselves to the dissemination of the doctrine, that such a traffic, and the use of such productions are wrong. So deep was the apathy of most of the friends of the slave in this country toward this wrong, so general their participation in it, and so obvious to some the duty of a counter operation in favor of Free Labor, that it was deemed necessary in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight to organize the "American Free Produce Association," for the purpose of arousing those friends to a sense of their guilt and duty, and also to furnish a supply, as soon as practicable, of substitutes for the article produced by injustice and violence. This Society, now in session, addresses you.

We heartily rejoice in the evidence furnished us that many of you clearly perceive that as it is wrong to make men slaves, and rob them of their labor and its fruits, so it is also wrong to furnish your markets with the fruit of such dishonestly obtained labor. We rejoice in the hope that others of you who do not acknowledge this doctrine in its fullest extent, are yet approaching it, seeing they admit its obligation in particular instances. You have united in asking, and have succeeded in obtaining from your Government, such fiscal discriminations, regarding the admission into your ports from foreign countries, of free and slave grown sugars, as will materially encourage the cultivation of the one, and discourage that of the other, and thus the systems of labor to which they respectively belong. Permit us affectionately to inquire of you, are you not, by the principles you have so zealously and eloquently urged in defence of this measure, individually bound to abstain from the purchase and use of this and other products of the slave's coerced and unrequited toil? If, as the petition of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the House of Commons wisely and truly declares, to afford "facilities for introducing into the British market the produce of slave labor would incalculably aggravate the miseries of the slaves, and supply a fearful stimulus to the Slave-Trade," can he be guiltless of his brother's blood, who offers to the planter *the only inducement for the supply of such produce*, viz: THE PURCHASE OF IT? If, as the organ of that society tells us, "you will not give to the people of England cheap sugar,—if the cheapness of that sugar is to be secured by the shedding of the blood of the negro," will you wear the cotton which is also deeply dyed with his blood! Do you not endorse the sentiment of your noble O'Connell, that murder is the "necessary consequence of the production of sugar, by negro slave labor," and, you want not sugar obtained by murder? The American cotton plantations bear fearful testimony that such a consequence belongs to the production of cotton by such labor. Will you then purchase and wear cotton procured by the murder of your fellow-men? Do you ask, "Ought we, in order to provide the freeman somewhat more abundantly with sugar, to hire the slaveholder to drive his slave to death?" The indignant answer rises quickly to your lips;—let Brazil, and Cuba, and the world hear it; then pause and see if you are not clothed in robes, the price of which hired the slaveholder to drive his slave to death! It will perhaps be said that it would be impossible for you to obtain similar action of your Government, respecting the other productions of slave labor, which it has exerted relative to sugar. We do not appeal to you to cast the whole responsibility of this matter on the Government, we entreat of you, individual fidelity to the slave. We ask you to make clean your own hands, then may they consistently bear your memorials to the throne, and to Parliament. To this principle, the duty of individual abstinence, you owe much of what you have already accomplished for the slave. During the memorable struggle for the abolition of the Slave-Trade, by Clarkson and his coadjutors, at a period when a large vote of the House of Commons, for a season defeated their project and disappointed their hopes, three hundred thousand British Abolitionists resorted to abstinence from the use of West India sugar. The next year the vote in favor of the abolition of the foreign Slave-Trade was carried in the House. The memorable appeal of Elizabeth Heyrick, which, by its influence on the mind of Wilberforce, was a powerful instrument in originating the efforts which resulted in the abolition of British West India Slavery, is an argument based upon this principle. It aroused a sense of individual responsibility, by convicting of individual guilt. The writer assumed the same position that we maintain. She says, "The West India planter and the people of this country stand in the same moral relation to each other, as the thief and the receiver of stolen goods. The planter refuses to set his wretched captive at liberty; treats him as a beast of burden; compels his reluctant, unremunerated labor, under the lash of the cart-whip,—why?—because we furnish the stimulant to all this injustice, rapacity, and cruelty, BY PURCHASING ITS PRODUCE. Heretofore it may have been thoughtlessly and unconsciously; but now this palliative is removed; the veil of ignorance is rent aside; the whole nation must now divide itself into the *active supporters* and *active opposers* of Slavery; there is no longer any ground for a neutral party to stand upon."

Had that noble testimony against the guilt of Slavery, borne by British Abolitionists in seventeen hundred and ninety-one, been faithfully continued at that time when American cotton was just entering your market, what had been the probable result? We cannot contemplate it without deep emotion, as we look over our country, and see thousands of our fellow-beings, raised for the market, sold, and worked to death, for the cotton trade. And what would have been the result of such an influence on the American Slave-Trade? for America has a traffic in slaves, existing, not as one of your advocates in Parliament has said, "IN THEORY," "nothing like the African Slave-Trade," but in terrible reality, and closely allied in character to that accursed traffic which the civilized world has long since branded PIRACY. You are well aware of this. And what a blessed boon might it have borne to British India, crushed and blighted by tyranny, had the Anti-Slavery voice of England, then, and constantly since, demanded cotton honestly and justly obtained.

We can but suggest these considerations to you, dear friends; it is for you to pursue them. Upon your fidelity in this respect may depend the continuance of that moral impression now made upon the commercial policy of the British nation. Shall that impression be erased? Or shall it be deepened and extended? We anxiously look for the answer which will be furnished by your personal consistency with the arguments you have given your countrymen, for the necessity of their abstinence from cheap, slave-grown, sugar. "A word to the wise is sufficient." You are not of those who dare not adopt a righteous principle until they perceive all the consequences of its application. We trust that the objection based upon the impracticability of entire abstinence, will not be heard among you so frequently as it is among us, or the doubting question, "What can we do?" Your motto and ours is, "DO JUSTLY!" And cannot Abolitionists perceive that justice requires that they shall not receive from the oppressor the fruits of his successful robbery, and give him in return money to purchase the whip and fetter, and all the appliances of power, which enable him to continue that robbery? Our responsibility is limited by our power of doing, but subject to this limitation,—our position as moral agents demands of us, though our numerical importance for the accomplishment of great purposes be as nothing, the complete fulfilment of the dictates of ever consistent truth. May you and we not be found among that class of philanthropists, well described by Lord Brougham, as those who "offer men gold to continue the Slave-Trade, and preach them a sermon to give it up."

Hoping that you will receive in kindness our expostulation, dictated by fraternal feeling toward yourselves and the suffering slave, we remain your co-laborers in the cause of Justice and Humanity.

Signed on behalf of the American Free Produce Association.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, President.
SARAH PUGH, Rec. Sec.
MARY GREW, Cor. Sec.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 15th, 1844.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

FREE PRODUCK ASSOCIATION.

At the Sixth Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Association, held at Clarkson Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, 10th month 15th, 1844, the President, Abraham L. Pennock, in the chair,

The minutes of the last Annual Meeting were read. A letter from Eli Hambleton was read, and ordered to be inserted on the minutes.

The Report of the Executive Committee, and of the Committee on Manufactures were read, accepted, and laid on the table.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The Executive Committee of the American Free Produce Association, in reviewing the labors of another year, find ample encouragement for their continuance: although they find much occasion to regret the inexcusable indifference of the majority of American Abolitionists toward the object of this Association. While only a small minority of them adopt its fundamental principle, and are willing to show their faith by their works, we cannot expect to record so extensive results from the efforts of such an Association, as otherwise, would be felt and seen. Still, though maintaining our principles amidst opposing influences within, as well as without the Anti-Slavery ranks, we have been blessed with a degree of success, not ill-proportioned to our efforts. Of this, the report of our Manufacturing Committee will furnish some evidence. Of the progress of our principles, we think that we may safely say that they are gradually extending their influence, and pervading the hearts of good and true Abolitionists. We would not conceal from ourselves or others the fact that this progress is very gradual, and that a large portion of the zealous and devoted Anti-Slavery men and women of America are still utterly regardless of their obligation to abstain from the use of the products of the slave's unrequited toil. Strange as it may seem, it is lamentably true. It is no cause of wonder that those whose sympathies have never been awakened for the slave, who care little for his sufferings and his wrongs, should, with light hearts and unfaltering hands, appropriate to their uses of convenience or luxury, the blood-stained products of his labor; but that Abolitionists, who, at the altar of freedom, have vowed eternal hatred to Slavery, and have resolved to live, or if need be, to die for its utter extermination, should do thus, can be accounted for only by a reference to the fact that the best and wisest of men may sometimes be convicted of inconsistency. Yet do we see tokens of progress, in the review of each succeeding year. Among them, we record the formation of the Western Free Produce Association, which promises to be an efficient agency in this cause. Among valuable instrumentalities used by individuals, we may mention an appeal to the Society of Friends, designed to awaken in them a deeper sense of their obligation to abstain from "the use of the productions of Slavery," addressed to them by one of their own members. By means of these and similar agencies, we hope for a renovation of public sentiment among the friends of the slave.

There is a large class of Abolitionists to whom we now look with confident expectation of receiving their countenance and their aid. The important position which they have deliberately and publicly assumed, bind them to the doctrines of our principles, and we trust that they will soon perceive that in the fulfilment of their pledge, of "No Union with Slaveholders," they will be obliged to renounce the relation which many of them now sustain to the slaveholder—that of receiver of his stolen goods. To all such Abolitionists we would say, be faithful to the principle of the motto which you have inscribed on your banner, and you will work hand in hand with us. For what more intimate "union with slaveholders" have you ever maintained, than that involved in the purchase and consumption of the products of the extorted labor of the slave? If you cannot sanction the Constitution of the United States, because it supports and defends Slavery, how can you assist in furnishing the system with its chief support,—the pecuniary gain of the master? You who teach that it is inconsistent for Abolitionists to vote for a candidate to the Presidency, who must swear to support this Constitution, because they thereby become involved in the guilt of indirectly sustaining Slavery; will be found *directly* sustaining it, by daily receiving its spoils, and bribing, with gold, the covetous oppressor to procure for you still further supplies! We cannot but trust that you who have so solemnly resolved to annul all your alliances with Slavery, will speedily perceive that this practice is among the number, and perceiving this, that you will heartily renounce it.

There is another class of Abolitionists who rebuke with eloquent zeal, the inconsistency of those professed friends of the slave, who aid the election of slaveholders, and the apologists of Slavery, to offices of trust and power in our country, and who are seeking to fill those offices with Anti-Slavery men. Shall they be found supporting, far more directly than they *could* do it by their votes, the whole system of American Slavery? Are they willing to be partners with those who use their "neighbor's service without wages, and give him not for his work?"

We trust that new light is dawning upon all classes of Abolitionists, and that, with anointed eyes, they will soon regard this subject. Objections to our principles are offered less frequently, and with less confidence, than formerly. We are sometimes told that we may as rightfully appropriate to our own use the products of the slave's toil, as the manufactures of the poor, oppressed European operatives. If this be true, it proves, not that we may use the former, but that we are bound to abstain from the latter. We will not attempt to delineate the contrast between the American slave and the English operative; it is sufficient to mention here that the latter desires labor, and that an increased demand for his manufactures is to him a blessing, inasmuch as it increases his wages, and consequently his domestic comforts, while, with the slave, the reverse is true. While with an increase of labor his sufferings increase, and therefore in the anguish of his soul, he prays that the price of sugar may be low, let not his friends aid in defeating the object of his simple petition.

In reporting the events of the past year, your Committee have the melancholy task of recording the death of one of the founders and most valuable members of this Association, William C. Betts. From the period of the Society's formation, to the present year, he faithfully and diligently sought the promotion of its interests, freely giving, in its service, his time and labor, as they were needed. By his removal from earth, we have lost an esteemed friend, a judicious counseller, an active and devoted fellow-laborer in the Anti-Slavery field. May our loss stimulate us to renewed activity and zeal, and as, year by year, we see those who have toiled and striven by our side, fall one by one, in death, may we gird ourselves anew to supply their vacant places, and, profiting by the solemn monitions ever uttered by such events, do with our might, what our hands find to do, that when we shall be summoned to follow them, it may be found that we have not lived in vain.

On behalf of the Committee,
JAMES MOTT, Chairman.

10th mo. 4th, 1844.

APPENDIX.

To the Executive Committee of the American Free Produce Association.

The Committee on Manufactures take pleasure in being able to report, that the increased *demand* for free goods within the last twelve months, has furnished a practical evidence of the progress of this branch of the Anti-Slavery cause.

Our sales would have been materially larger, had we not had to encounter great disappointment in the receipt of goods contracted for; their completion, in several instances, having been delayed beyond the appropriate season for selling.

We trust that we shall be able, in a great measure, to overcome these difficulties in future, and, with the advantage of some increased facilities, be able better to keep pace with the increasing demand.

We have had manufactured, nine thousand, two hundred and seventeen and one half yards of muslin, ten thousand, nine hundred and thirty-four and three-quarter yards of printing cloth, eleven, thousand six hundred and fifty yards of calico printed, four thousand, three hundred and seventy-two and one-quarter yards of muslin colored, one thousand, seven hundred and sixty and three-quarter yards of canton flannel, one thousand, one hundred and ninety-five and three-quarter yards of drilling, eight hundred and seventy-five yards of ticking, two hundred and ninety and three-quarter yards of pantaloon stuffs, seven hundred and twenty-three and one half yards of gingham, one hundred and eighteen yards of knitting cotton, and a considerable quantity of cotton yarn—together with a number of small articles.

The total charge on our Sales Book, including cotton charged, amount to— $8,859 75

The total credits on the Invoice Book, amount to— $7,805 95

In making up our balances, we find, that up to the 31st of 12th month, 1841, we had lost— $328 83
The loss of the year 1842, was— 136 46

$465 29

The profit of the year 1843, amounts to $447 27

And we feel warranted in saying, that the business of the present year, has more than made up the balance of our early losses.

To resuscitate the concern in the face of many discouragements, and the heavy losses with which we were for more than three years embarrassed, has been an arduous task, in which we have to complain that very few of the professed friends of the cause have been willing to share the labor.

We suggest through you, to the Association, the necessity and propriety of adopting some means to increase the present capital of the concern, which at present, is entirely inadequate for the proper management of the business. Indeed, it would have been impossible to have maintained the credit of the Association, had it not been for the individual credit and advances made by one or two of the committee.

We feel encouraged by the past, to recommend the still further prosecution of the work, with renewed energy and zeal.

On behalf of the Committee,
DANIEL L. MILLER, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th month, 1844.

Treasurer's Report read, and Thomas and Alice Eliza Hambleton appointed to audit it.

Samuel Rhoads, Sarah Pugh, Alice Eliza Hambleton, Sidney Ann Lewis, Elizabeth Sellers, and Isaac Clement, were appointed a Committee to nominate officers.

An address to British Abolitionists prepared by the Executive Committee, was read and laid on the table.

To make arrangements for an evening meeting, Pascall Coggins, Margaret Jones, and Alice Eliza Hambleton were appointed. Adjourned to three o'clock.

Afternoon Session.

President.—Abraham L. Pennock.

Vice Presidents.—Eliza Hambleton, Gerrit Smith, New-York; Aaron L. Benedict, Ohio; Sidney Ann Lewis.

Corresponding Secretary.—Mary Grew.

Recording Secretary.—Sarah Pugh.

Treasurer.—Elizabeth J. Neal.

Executive Committee.—James Mott, Lucretia Mott, Lydia White, Daniel L. Miller, Thomas S. Cavender, Sarah H. Palmer, J. Miller McKim, Margaret Jones, George D. Jones, Samuel Rhoads, Gertrude K. Burleigh, and Mary P. Sellers.

A letter from Henry Grew was read—ordered to be inserted on the minutes—and, with the letter from Eli Hambleton, referred to the Publishing Committee.

The Auditors reported the Treasurer's account correct.

The Address to British Abolitionists, was taken up, considered, adopted, and directed to be signed by the President and Secretaries of the Association. The publishing Committee were directed to forward it to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, with a request for its publication in their official organ—and to adopt what other means they judged best for its circulation.

The Annual Report was adopted, and with the preceding documents referred to the following Committee for publication: Mary Grew, Charles C. Burleigh, J. Miller McKim, and Sarah Lewis.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock.

Evening Session.

An address was delivered by Charles C. Burleigh, in favor of the principles of the society, and in reply to some common objections.

Adjourned.

SARAH PUGH, Recording Secretary.

A VOICE FROM KENTUCKY.

The following article is from the Frankfort Commonwealth, one of the ablest and most influential journals in Kentucky. The boldest of the Northern partisan prints do not speak in bolder terms than these:

SLAVE-MONGERING DIPLOMACY.

Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. King, our Minister to France, is the most absurd and ridiculous State paper that ever emanated from any high public functionary of this Government. A Secretary of State writing an argument to prove to a foreign Government that abhors Slavery, that Slavery is a blessing, not only to the people among whom it exists, but to the slaves themselves, and that it is the interest of that foreign Government to take a position in its relations with other powers, favoring the Institution of Slavery, is the coolest piece of presumption ever displayed by a sane man. Mr. Calhoun, with strange want of tact, speaks of emancipation in the West India Islands, as a "stale plea of philanthropy!" And he produces figures to show that British emancipation has injured the productive powers of her colonies. He says less sugar and coffee have been produced; and argues as if the difference in the amount of the production of these two articles, were a dead loss to England. Was ever such folly displayed by a statesman? It is true that less sugar and coffee are produced under the free than under the slave condition; but the *aggregate production, as well as consumption*, under the former condition is increased—a fact overlooked, or rather suppressed by Mr. Calhoun. But such a use of statistics is characteristic of Mr. Calhoun and his school. We have no doubt, if the cotton planters of the South were to curtail their production of that article, and to produce their own bread, meat, horses, &c. which they now buy from the Western States, Mr. Calhoun would argue that the prosperity of the South was depressed in proportion to the decreased production of cotton, and he would charge the Tariff with robbing and plundering the planters! If the measure of happiness and prosperity in the West Indies depends solely upon the amount of sugar and coffee produced there, as Mr. Calhoun virtually argues, the happiness and prosperity of South Carolina, and the other planting States, depends, according to the same process of reasoning, not upon the aggregate productions of Southern labor, but upon the amount of the single article of cotton! No matter if, by diversifying employment, the *aggregate* production be increased, the public prosperity is lessened if *one* of the items of production be curtailed! Such is Mr. Calhoun's argument. We shall not expose ourselves to ridicule by gravely combating such ridiculous absurdities. The Kentuckians once produced large quantities of maple sugar from their own forests. Now they produce very little. Can Mr. Calhoun, or any other theorizer, make them believe their general prosperity has declined in proportion to the lessened production of maple sugar? We have no doubt he would eagerly enter upon the task, and make a brilliant argument upon it; but there is not a boy of twelve who would not laugh down his brilliant argument.

But we object to Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. King, not so much for its fallacies of argument and its perversions of facts, as for its insidious objects, and the grave consequences that may ensue from his pursuit of them, through the countenance of foreign Governments. Whether Slavery is a blessing to us and the slaves—and we regard it as an unmitigated curse in every aspect—is not a question proper to be submitted by our Government to the consideration of foreign Governments. We deny even to the Governments of co-States of this Union, any right, power, or propriety, of interfering with the question. We hold that our security and ultimate rights, depend upon maintaining the question as one wholly domestic to the States in which the institution of Slavery exists. It is amazing then, that Mr. Calhoun, whose State drives out, as a foreign emissary, a citizen of Massachusetts, sent there to test in the Courts the constitutionality of imprisoning freemen of Massachusetts with black skins, because denying to Massachusetts any right of inquiry on the subject, should submit the propriety of Slavery in the United States to the consideration of the French Government. Mr. Calhoun makes an argument in favor of the blessings of Slavery in the United States; he shows how, according to his view, France is also benefited by the operation of Slavery here; he shows how England has been injured by abolishing Slavery in the West Indies; he says that England has discovered her error in emancipating her slaves, and is endeavoring to repair that error by producing emancipation in the United States; he shows that by extending and strengthening Slavery in the United States, England, the rival of France, will be crippled; he speaks of "tropical productions," as if England, France, and the United States could not exist without them, and he gravely argues as if the extension of the arts and sciences, civilization, and Christianity, depended upon such an extension of Slavery in the United States as will enable us to produce tropical staples cheaper than England; such and other motives are set before France to induce her to countenance our designs upon Texas, which are thus acknowledged to be, not "to extend the area of Freedom," as is the argument with many other Locos, but to enlarge the limits and strengthen the chains of Slavery. Now there are two sides to this as to every other question. If we are to submit a question to France, what if her Government take a view of it opposite to that taken by Mr. Calhoun? Having submitted the question to her, he seriously damages the cause he attempts to favor, should she not concur in our statement of it. And then, who can doubt the views of France in regard to Slavery? None but a lunatic, or John C. Calhoun, but knows, she is now, as she has been for ten centuries, deadly hostile to Slavery in every form. Louis Phillippe, indeed a most politic King, listened with politeness and attention to the representations of Mr. King, made under instructions of Mr. Calhoun, and assured him he would not interfere in our foreign affairs! Mr. Calhoun seems to regard this assurance with ecstatic delight, as if he had achieved a vast thing in diplomacy! What a silly booby! Who expected France, or any other nation, to interfere in our affairs? Even England, the most pragmatic of all European powers—has five times assured us she will not interfere with Texas to our disadvantage; but Mr. Calhoun thinks he has accomplished a marvelous feat in diplomacy, because the French King listened politely to the American Minister exposing the policy of Tyler's Cabinet! No doubt Louis Phillippe, after worming everything out of Mr. King, had a hearty laugh at the folly and gullibility of our Secretary of State.

We are utterly opposed to submitting our affairs to the consideration of foreign powers. Mr. Calhoun may not propose a treaty of alliance; but we may as well enter into one, stipulating to fight the battles of our ally, as ask even the moral countenance of any foreign power to our policy, which, we presume, is all Mr. Calhoun wants. Now, to show the nature of our hostility to such procedure, and the dangerous tendencies of such courting of foreign countenance, let us suppose a state of things long dreaded by us, which is very likely soon to take place, and which will inevitably be precipitated by seeking French countenance to our acquisition of Texas. England wants Cuba. Suppose Mr. Peel writes a pretty letter to Louis Phillippe about it; and Louis replies that he will not "protest," as he has told us he will not against our acquisition of Texas. Would Mr. Calhoun go into a fit of ecstacy over that event? We apprehend not. He would be more likely to regard it as a "*crisis*," not only in our Government, but in the cause of civilization; and yet what could he do—what could he say? Nothing, but curse his own folly in pursuing a similar policy.

As to the blessings of Slavery, Mr. Calhoun is very silly to argue that question even at home; still more abroad. The universal sentiment of the North, and, we believe, a majority of the people even in the slaveholding States, regard Slavery here as a plague-spot and a curse. In Kentucky, while we believe all her citizens are loyal to the Constitution, and would resist any interference in the question, nearly all regard the institution as every way injurious to us, and would joyfully adopt any just and practicable scheme of relieving themselves of the evil. The number of slaveholders in Kentucky is about the one-fourth the number of voters. This is an important fact which the considerate should constantly keep in mind. Mr. Calhoun's principles carried out, would make the laboring Freemen of the country Slaves to Slavery. His estimate of national happiness and prosperity, as is clearly shown in his letter to Mr. King, on which we are now remarking, is an estimate of the comforts and enjoyments, not of the great body of free American laborers, but of that small class of bloated nabobs, who live on the sweat of negro labor. God forbid we should excite the smallest prejudice against either negro labor or those who enjoy it. We would make no discrimination between them and others; for we hold ourselves conscientiously bound, under the compromises of the Constitution, to regard all and protect all alike. But we call on those who employ slave labor, for God's sake, not to provoke the masses against themselves. Set not yourselves, as too many do, in offensive arrogance, above them. A large majority of the freemen of this nation, are poor laborers; men, nevertheless, of proud spirits, of true hearts, and be it remembered, of stout arms. They are to be conciliated, not despised; they are to be regarded and protected, not trampled on and made subservient to interests, antagonistic to their prosperity and dignity Mr. Calhoun had better not make statistical tables. Others will turn the tables on him. For the security of Slavery, we have the guaranties of the Constitution. Seeking other supports, we shall lose those we already have.

From the Liberator.

THE NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE RHODE ISLAND A. S. SOCIETY.

Notwithstanding the daring inhumanity of the times—notwithstanding society has been agitated and rent by an almost unparalleled political excitement—it will be seen that our society has not been altogether inactive. Whatever of inactivity there may have been, has been rather the result of circumstances, than an unwillingness to work.

Immediately after the last annual meeting, the Executive Committee engaged the services of C. M. Burleigh as lecturing agent. His labors continued for twenty-nine weeks. He visited all the towns on the main land, with few exceptions—lectured to their inhabitants, and circulated publications. May an abundant harvest be the result!

In December, Dr. Peleg Clarke, at the request of the Executive Committee, attended the Decade meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society as a delegate from this Society.

During the month of March, the Anti-Slavery Office was removed from Westminster street to its present locality. By this arrangement, the expenses of the society have been lessened—the rent of the present office being $25 less than the rent of the other. The Committee have taken a lease of these rooms for five years.

Continually experiencing the need of some stated place, wherein to hold Anti-Slavery meetings, in the month of April the Executive Committee applied formally to the city authorities for permission to use the town-house, when not otherwise occupied, for the meetings of the Society. This request the Committee was very graciously and condescendingly allowed to withdraw. The sworn "servants" of the people not only bolted and barred the doors of their own house against them, but refused to listen to a request for their opening. This conduct may be very dignified in magistrates, but is certainly disgraceful in men.

Just previous to the preferring of this request, a meeting had been called to discuss the following subject:—*The religion of the country, opposed to freedom*,—and for it, the Mayor had granted the town-house. But when an announcement of the subject to be discussed met his eye, all his fears, both as a "magistrate" and a "man," were most fully aroused, lest "*Christianity*" should be questioned: and he revoked the grant. Against the proceedings of the Mayor and City Council, the Executive Committee, on behalf of the Society, issued its solemn protest. But all in vain. The town-house, which could ever be open for the exhibition and worship of live coons and all such sort of things, is closed against the friends of freedom.

This is the work of narrow-minded, blind, bigoted sectarianism. None but a spiritually blinded mind would ever think of confounding the "religion" of this country with Christianity. As opposite are they as light and darkness. He who cannot see the difference, must be indifferently qualified for a "magistrate," to say nothing of the "man." In thus defrauding the people of what is undeniably their right, the churches and clergy of the city have sustained the authorities. Long ago were the churches closed against us:—why should not the town-house be? The authorities are the children of the Church, and must do as she bids them. Religion is no longer a matter of discussion in the land of Roger Williams, if the descendants of Roger Williams can help it! Let this be proclaimed on the house-tops.

The anti-slavery women of the State have held *four* Fairs during the past year; by means of which, the Society has been materially assisted. The thanks of the good and true, and the blessings of the poor, be with these women.

About the same number of anti-slavery newspapers have been taken as during former years. Upon the whole, there has been an increased demand for anti-slavery information

An unusually large number of fugitive slaves have been assisted and provided for. These, with one or two exceptions, have shown themselves abundantly able and willing to "take care of themselves." They are as sober, industrious, and exemplary, as any other class of citizens in this community.

By the adoption of the Constitution, most of the "black laws" of the State have been rendered "null and void." The marriage law yet remains, and has been re-confirmed by a recent Legislature. Colored men are yet exc

there is every inducement for us to go onward. The bulwarks of oppression must be torn down, and the citadel demolished. Let there be found amongst us such a determination and energy to overcome all oppression and bigotry as actuated the early settlers of our soil. Let us be united, and as truth and justice are sure, we shall be gloriously triumphant.

AMARANCY PAINE.
Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

From the Christian Register.

LETTER TO ENGLAND.

We published a few weeks since the letter, adopted at a meeting held in Berry-Street Vestry, in May last, and ordered to be sent to England, in reply to the address from some of the Unitarian clergy of Great Britain and Ireland, upon the subject of Slavery. That letter was signed by about one hundred and fifty of our Unitarian clergy. Some of our brethren were not disposed to sign any letter, and others, while they did not dissent from the general principles of the letter adopted at the Berry-Street meeting, thought that a letter of a somewhat different character should be sent. To meet the feelings of those who thought thus, the following letter was prepared and sent to England two or three months since, with a few signatures attached to it. It was not circulated generally for signature, but was signed by all save two to whom it was directly offered, and one of those two objected to signing any letter. This letter did not appear to have been published in England when the steamer left. But as it has doubtless been received, there seemed to be no objection to publishing it in this country. It having been intrusted to us, we furnished a copy of it for the last number of the Examiner, and now insert it in our own columns. It reads as follows:

Rev. and Dear Brethren:—We esteem it a privilege to receive the counsel of our brethren on matters of Christian duty; and your letter on the subject of Slavery has given us gratification, because it shows that the ocean does not separate us from your fellowship and sympathy. The want of accurate information on your part, respecting our actual position in regard to Slavery, does not in the least diminish our confidence in the paternal interest that dictated your communication.

You certainly do us no more than justice in supposing that we have "no doubts as to the deep wrong of man holding man as a slave," nor in anticipating our concurrence and sympathy, when you deny the moral right of any human being "to make another his chattel." We should be slow to yield to any body of men in the strength with which we hold this conviction. We agree with you in the fact, that a great moral and social evil exists in the United States; that like other evils of the same nature, it grows chiefly out of the sins and selfish passions of men; that like other moral evils, it is a fit subject for moral and religious effort; and that it calls for appropriate action from us as ministers of religion.

There would seem, then, to be no peculiarity in regard to this subject, which calls for a warning thus solemnly and formally given, unless our minds, as you suggest, have been "reconciled to inaction, because inconvenience or sacrifice have happened to lie in the way of active and immediate endeavors, to give effect to our inward convictions"—in other words, that we have been unfaithful stewards, sacrificing our sense of duty to a love of ease, or from moral cowardice, and the fear of disagreeable consequences to ourselves.

These are serious charges, which should not be lightly volunteered. If such be the impression on your minds,—a result to which we know you could not have arrived without the greatest grief,—we gladly avail ourselves of the occasion to disabuse you of it. We are sensible as individuals, and as a body, of great deficiencies, but we utterly and conscientiously deny that there is any sin of which we feel that we have reason to be afraid, or unwilling to speak. If there were any such, it would be those,—(about which we are not commonly charged with delinquency)—which are more personal to our hearers, and most assuredly not the subject of Slavery, with which they have comparatively so little to do. We say this to brethren, who address us in a Christian spirit—to an enemy, or a scoffer, we will not say we should scorn, but we may say at least that we should not feel called on, to make this claim to common honesty.

Now permit us to add, that the intimation in your letter,—quietly and sorrowfully conveyed,—seems to proceed upon some misapprehension of the facts in the case. This is not the occasion for entering into a defence or explanation of the course which any of us have seen fit to pursue. It is sufficient to say, that if you would form an intelligent and just judgment on the subject, it will be necessary for you, if you have not already done it, to inform yourselves of the relations that exist between the several States of this Union,—of the powers of the General Government,—and of the degree of control which one State has over the internal affairs of another.

It will be equally necessary for you to remember, that hostility to this or that particular measure, is not hostility to the cause of human freedom; and that disagreement as to the modes best adapted to the removal of Slavery indicates no disagreement as to the nature or degree of reprobation in which we hold Slavery itself.

So far as this last point is concerned, the feeling of opposition to Slavery throughout New England and in the parishes with which most of us are connected, is in general as strong and as religiously held as we suppose it to be in any part of England. We know no Unitarian pulpit in the Northern States in which, and no Unitarian preacher by whom, all Christian condemnation of Slavery might not be freely uttered, without suspicion that he was likely to assume the appearance, or share the fate of a martyr. We treat this as we do other sins and evils, according to the relative place and importance, which we think it holds among the various subjects, on which we address those to whom we minister. If we have not occasion to speak of it as frequently as we do of some other evils, it is because our hearers have no connection with it, except so far as they are citizens of the United States, acknowledging allegiance to its Constitution. There are those among us doubtless, who, under other circumstances, might become slaveholders; but they are not so now. The passions which would permit them to become such, now and among us manifest themselves in other ways; and we think it proper to speak more of those passions, and of the sins to which they actually lead, than of slaveholding, with which our hearers have so little to do.

As to the general subject; the mass of sin and misery around yourselves, the existence of which you are often compelled to witness and lament, has given you undoubtedly, sad experience of the inefficiency of religious instruction, suddenly to remove an enormous evil from the midst of a community; and you can determine how far the continued existence of Slavery in some of the States of this Union is to be charged to the negligence of the Unitarian clergy, when you consider that, with the exception of five or six of our number, whose fields of labor are in slaveholding States, it is hundreds of miles removed from us,—that we have no opportunity of personally addressing the holders of slaves—that for all useful purposes, they are as far removed from the sphere of our influence as from yours, and that, from the nature of the bond which unites the several States, the people of Massachusetts have as little right or power to control the action of the Legislature of Georgia or Alabama, in relation to the subject of Slavery within their boundaries, as the citizens of Manchester or Liverpool.

We know that you will take comfort in the assurance that we have done, and are doing upon this subject, what we think a sense of duty calls upon us to do; and we know you will pardon us for saying that of what we can or ought to do, we must of necessity be the most competent judges. You may well suppose that to a subject of such surpassing moment to our country, we have given our most serious thought, and that the course, which any of us has seen fit to adopt, has not been adopted lightly. Every community has its own peculiar evils to deal with—every minister must distribute his exertions over the whole field of his labor, according to the exigencies of his peculiar situation; he has the best means of knowing where his duty calls, and if others have confidence in his honesty of purpose, it seems to us that it requires great and intimate knowledge of the circumstances of his situation, to warrant a rebuke, however honestly given, for his supposed unfaithfulness.

This communication expresses, as you will perceive, the views of a few individuals respecting the position which Unitarians hold in relation to Slavery. It has not had the advantage of being circulated for signatures like the letter which it will accompany, and it is not written because of any dissent from the general principles of that letter. If it answer no other purpose, it may, perhaps, be an additional means—though a most slight and unimportant one,—of showing how closely we feel connected with our brethren in England, and how deeply we value their sympathy. Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

Boston, September 30, 1844.

From the Liberator.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The quarterly meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society was held at the Marlboro' Hall, No. 4, on the afternoon of January 8th.

The meeting was opened by the reading of the Scriptures by the President.

The following resolutions were presented, and, after discussion, unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society takes this earliest opportunity to express to the Abolitionists of Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh, London, Darlington, Tynemouth, Bristol, Fralee, Belfast, Limerie, Cork, Walthamston, Woburn, Wexham, and all the other beloved friends in Great Britain who have aided the Eleventh Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, the deep and grateful sense that we cherish, in common with all Anti-Slavery Americans, of the tender sympathy, the important pecuniary help, and the efficient testimony which they have both now and always given to us in our advocacy of THE CAUSE.

2. Resolved, That we rejoice in the consistent stand taken by the Glasgow Emancipation Society, with regard to the course of the Commissioners of the Free Church of Scotland in America; believing that it is by the spirit of such testimony to the truth, and such enlightening of the public mind, that Slavery will be abolished throughout the world.

3. Resolved, That we renew our subscription for fifty copies of the Liberator.

4. Resolved, That we will obtain as many signatures to a remonstrance to be presented to Congress, against the annexation of Texas, as is possible within the coming three weeks.

5. Resolved, That we pledge $10 to the New-Hamshire Society to assist in sustaining the Herald of Freedom.

Mrs. Chapman then read to the meeting the correspondence between Mrs. Follen and the subscribers who presented to her the piece of tapestry worked by Miss H. Martineau, for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, signifying her acceptance and thanks for the same.

The annual report of the Glasgow Ladies' Emancipation Society, and a letter from Thomas Clarkson to Mrs. Chapman, were also read.

On motion, the Society adjourned.

S. H. SOUTHWICK. *Rec. Sec.*

Freedom of the Press.—A controversy has for some time been going on between the Rev. A. M'Clain, of the South, on the subject of Slavery. Mr. Lee asks a Southern journal to republish the controversy. The reply is, "We are taking legal advice from the Judges of several courts in slaveholding States, to ascertain whether such documents *are* or are *not* legally incendiary. If they can legally reach those having interest in them, they will be admitted." Such is the liberty of the press in these United States.

Communications.

The Delaware Anti-Slavery Society.

WILMINGTON, Jan. 12th, 1845.

At the Annual Meeting of the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society, held in Wilmington, on the sixth and seventh of January, 1845, at the Atheneum and City Hall, Thomas Garrett, Vice President, took the chair and called the meeting to order. On motion of I. S. Flint, the following Committees were appointed by the President, viz: Committee on nomination of officers for the ensuing year, Benjamin Webb, Charles Canby, Edith Pusey, and Jane Webb. Committee on Business, I. S. Flint, William Webb, Rachel Bassett, William Chandler, Edith Pusey, Dr. Hudson, and E. J. Hitchcock.

On motion of I. S. Flint, the report of the Executive Committee was read and adopted; also the Treasurer's report. Remarks were then made by Abby Kelley, Benjamin Webb, and others, concerning the kidnapping recently carried on in this State. It was contended by Dr. Hudson, Dr. Fussel, and others, that there is no essential difference between kidnapping according to law, and kidnapping contrary to law. That slaveholding was kidnapping made lawful. Benjamin and William Webb thought a distinction should be made between what was lawful and what was unlawful. Abby Kelley said that though our Society was small in numbers, yet it was large in power and influence. That a few years ago all the world was asleep on the subject of Slavery, when six Quakers met in London, to concert measures for its overthrow. Now thousands and millions are on our side. Even semi-barbarous nations were taking steps for Abolition. That we had much temptation to withstand; and that she hoped we might have strength for the trial hour—that we had counted the cost before entering upon the work. She hoped this Society would not be diverted from its original object, the abolition of Slavery, to the breaking up of gangs of kidnappers, as that would only lop off a branch from the great tree of Slavery, while our object should be to eradicate it altogether. She then drew a comparison between the kidnapping culprit, and the slaveholding Judge to the disadvantage of the latter.

Adjourned, to meet in the City Hall, at two o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon.—The meeting was opened by a song from Drs. Hudson and Fussell.

The Committee on nomination of officers, reported the following: For President, Thomas Garrett. Vice President, Benjamin Webb. Recording Secretary, I. S. Flint. Corresponding Secretary, E. Pusey. Treasurer, Rachel Bassett. Managers, Charles Canby, Abraham Alderdice, Mary Richards, Jane Webb, and Anne Semple; which was adopted.

The following resolutions were then offered by different members of the Business Committee, which were accepted for discussion:

1st. Resolved, That the system of American Slavery is destitute of natural affection—filled with fornication—implacable—unmerciful—"the sum of all villainies"—"the vilest system that ever saw the sun"—and, in every instance, in abstract and concrete, individually and collectively, it is atheistical—infidel—antichrist—tyranny, and despotism of the grossest kind.

2d. Resolved, That all who are slaveholders, are "menstealers," and all who are accomplices or apologists, whether in Church or State, are practical thieves and robbers—atheists—infidels—antichrist, and despots.

3d. Resolved, That we regard the cause of Anti-Slavery as a crusade against Slavery itself, and not against slaveholders; that ours is a moral warfare against principles, and not against men; that while we are unsparing in our denunciations of crime, we should extend over our erring brethren the mantle of that charity which is due to every human being, however far he may have wandered from the path of righteousness.

4th. Resolved, That we regard "No union with slaveholders," as a new issue in the cause of Anti-Slavery, not contemplated by the founders of the Society, subversive of the principles upon which they came together, and inevitably leading to that discord and littleness of feeling, which are unfailing characteristics of every conflict into which personalities are admitted.

5th. Resolved, That we look upon all error as misfortune, and calling rather for pity than denunciation. That the guilt of upholding Slavery has been shared in a greater or less degree by almost every individual of the community; and that on coming to a sense of our error, we can be better employed than in running about with magnifying glasses, looking into our neighbor's eye, to discover whether the mote there is too large to allow us to associate with him.

6th. Whereas, we believe that where there is light on the subject of Slavery, there must be hatred of it—that where the mind is upright, and the heart pure, oppression can have no place—and that responsibilities are in proportion to light received; therefore, Resolved, That in view of the vast immorality and iniquity of slaveholding, we urge all to labor earnestly for its downfall, spreading their light diligently, and acting as their best wisdom may direct.

On motion of Dr. Hudson, it was resolved to take up resolutions No. 1 and 2 for discussion. On motion of I. S. Flint, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That all persons, whether friendly or unfriendly, are invited to participate in the discussions of the society. The afternoon was spent in discussing resolutions No. 1 and 2, principally by E. J. Hitchcock, Dr. Hudson, and Abby Kelley. Adjourned to meet at the Atheneum at seven o'clock, P. M.

Evening.—Discussion of the resolutions continued by Dr. Fussell, Abby Kelley, Benjamin Webb, N. Bassett, I. S. Flint, and the Rev. Mr. Patterson. A motion was made to adopt them, but a desire being expressed to discuss them further, the motion was withdrawn. Adjourned, to meet at the City Hall, at nine o'clock, A. M.

Morning Session,—Second Day.—The consideration of the first two resolutions was resumed, and continued through the forenoon; Dr. Hudson advocating them, and Dr. Worrell opposing. Adjourned, to meet at two o'clock, P. M.

Afternoon.—On motion of Abby Kelley, the first two resolutions were laid upon the table, to give opportunity to discuss the following, offered by Abby Kelley.

Resolved, That the prejudice, existing in this country against the colored population, which denies them equal, civil, social, and religious rights, is cruel, proscriptive, and murderous; and cannot be indulged by any friend of freedom and Christianity.

Advocated by E. J. Hitchcock and Abby Kelley, and opposed by Dr. Worrell. Adjourned, to meet at seven o'clock, P. M.

Evening.—Two resolutions were offered by Dr. Hudson, concerning the participation of the churches in Slavery. The Secretary did not receive a copy of them, but as near as recollected, they were of the following import:

1st. That the Church of Christ never made a slave, never held a slave, never apologized for Slavery, or deprived a human being of the right to read the Bible.

2d. That the ecclesiastical bodies in the United States which do thus, are no more worthy the name of Christian churches than the religious organizations of China, or the Cannibals of Madagascar.

The resolutions were supported by the mover for about an hour and a half, when he was interrupted by the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, who rose to explain and defend some of the actions of the Methodist church. When he had finished, Dr. Hudson resumed, but the audience became so excited that it was impossible to proceed. When Abby Kelley took the stand and occupied the remainder of the evening, in a speech advocating the right of free discussion. Owing to the excited state of the meeting, no further action was had on any of the resolutions. Adjourned, sine die.

ISAAC. S. FLINT, Secretary

The Conveyance of the Emancipator.

To JOHN JAY, Esq:—

In your reply to Mr. Quincy, some months ago, you attempted to derive a justification of the conduct of yourself and colleagues of the New-York City Anti-Slavery Committee, from the very principle upon which the American Anti-Slavery Society claimed the restoration of its newspaper, then in your possession. The principle was, that the trustees and servants of the American Society had no authority to convey away their press without the consent of the Society. Ergo, said you, we have no power to restore the paper, without the consent of the City Society, whose trustees and servants we are!

This reasoning is destructive of itself. You had before your eyes proof, which you did not, and I presume, will not now question, that the American Society did not consent, and was not consulted, and never would have consented had it been consulted, to this disposition of their property. First, on account of the intrinsic loss and serious deprivation to themselves; secondly, on account of its furnishing weapons and support to their worst enemies—enemies the most insidious and treacherous, as as they believed, and now more than ever believe, to the Abolition cause. It is of no consequence whether they were right or wrong in this particular; for this belief existing, it was right and proper that it should enter into their judgment upon the proposal to give their official organ to their enemies, had it been made to them, or upon the actual donation thereof, it being accomplished without their consent or knowledge.

Knowing then, Sir, that the Society had not authorized, and would not sanction the proceeding, the very principle you adopted, and alledged as a justification of your holding on upon the paper, knocked from under you the foundation of your property; because, on that principle the conveyance of the Emancipator was a void conveyance, and vested nothing in you or your Society.

It seems to me, that in none of your statements and reasonings, (and I have been attentive to them,) have you reached the *root* of the matter. Had you done so, you would probably have convinced yourself that you committed in this thing, a great error of judgment.

In your last communication, you assume that you was not bound to inquire into the title of the vendor. Is this assumption either legal or reasonable?

A mercantile firm, with branches in Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other cities, establishes a house in New-York, appoints an agent to conduct their business,—to buy, sell, and forward goods. The members of the firm, or such portion of them as their articles of co-partnership authorize, meet once a year, at New-York, to examine the stock and accounts, and make their balance-sheet and dividend, leaving the concern, except at those periods, to their agent. These facts are public and notorious. The agent and his *agency* are as well known as the existence of the house, and both, to the entire city and country. The members of the firm become dissatisfied with their agent, and their expressions and arrangements, open and known to all, indicate that they mean at their next meeting in this city to discharge him from their service. The event is generally expected, and the agent himself shows conclusively that *he* expects, by going to a neighboring establishment, and offering to sell for a *nominal* consideration, the stock, books of account, outstanding debts, and the good will of the concern; *in fact, to break it up* upon the condition, however, that *he be continued, by the purchaser, in his employment, and receive his salary.* Would the head and other partners of the establishment, to whom this proposal was made, be justified in law or morality in accepting it, removing the stock, books, and furniture to their own premises, and locking up the office and storehouse of the absent firm, not only without their consent or knowledge, but within a few days of their expected arrival to examine their affairs, give instructions for their future management, and select their agent for the purpose? I understand you to maintain, that if the agent had borne a good character up to the time of making the offer, you would be justified in accepting it, completing the purchase, receiving the property, and holding it against the demands and protests of the principals after they had arrived, and learned what their agent had been doing.

Averse as you are from controversy, I cannot refrain from propounding the question, whether in your opinion the transaction above described, would stand the test of law, or common honesty, divested of prejudice, partisan, and rivalship? And if you answer this question in the negative, as I know you will, then I request that you will point out the difference between this case, and the conveyance of the Emancipator.

CAVEAT EMPTOR.

Letter From Washington.

WASHINGTON CITY, 1st mo. 13th, 1845.

FRIEND GAY:—This morning, Cave Johnson moved that the discussion of the Texas question should cease on Thursday, at 2 o'clock. The resolution was laid on the table—yeas 127, nays 54.

The House then resolved itself into Committee of the Whole (G. W. Hopkins in the chair,) and J. W. Tibbatts, of Kentucky, proceeded to address the Committee in favor of Annexation, as proposed by joint resolutions which he had previously presented.

Since closing my last, I have been expecting daily and hourly to hear of the death of one of the two duellists, Yancey, of Alabama, and Clingman, of North Carolina, who have been absent two or three days to "settle a matter of *honor*."

I learn that a report arrived here a few minutes ago that the duel had taken place between this city and Baltimore, but nobody was hurt.

While I write, J. Brinkerhoff, a democrat of Ohio, has taken the floor, and made a most unequalled *Anti-Southern* argument. No little commotion took place in the Hall while he was speaking. He said it was nothing else but a Southern Slavery measure, and proceeded to show its exclusively sectional character, to the great chagrin of his friends. He was in favor of Annexation upon fair and equal, and honorable grounds—have Slavery prohibited in half the Texan territory; but he took as strong ground against the present plan as almost any other who had spoken, and manifested a very commendable opposition to the extension of Slavery. Why was it, he asked, that so large a majority of the Committee on Foreign Affairs were Southern Democrats? It was that the propositions should be moulded exactly to suit the Slaveholding portion of the country. He spoke of a similar injustice in the arrangement of other Committees. He spoke of the debt of Texas, which he was not willing to assume. It had been considered *unconstitutional* to assume the debts of the *States*, and he asked where was the provision of the Constitution which granted authority to assume the debts of another country. But he soon returned to the bearing of the measure upon Slavery, on which aspect of the subject he dwelt principally. He had been hurt with expressions thrown out here, charging the northern members with selfish feelings. He here stretched himself up, and laid his hand on his breast to represent the "*expanded liberality*" which southern members exhibited in this matter. And, what, said he, does this liberality consist in? Why, Sir, it consists in asking *for the whole!* And for what are we so unsparingly denounced, for being contracted and selfish? why because we simply ask for *the half!* He denied that the question was "a great national" question. Its object was to extend the "great blessing of Slavery," and create power for the South. His constituents, with whom he had consulted on this subject, were utterly opposed to it, and he believed the Democrats on this floor from the North, would find there was more in this question than they had dreamed of. It had been said that we should just go for Texas, and leave the Slavery question till the territory was to be cut up into States—then it could be done, but he believed this would be the very way to create difficulty, for when any objection was made to the admission of any portion of it as a Slave State at a future time, the reply would be, "Why did you not object when it was *all* admitted as slaveholding territory."

But I cannot pursue the manly and independent argument of this honest Democrat. It is, however, admitted that all the Whig speeches that have been heard this winter have not produced the effect which this has done.

Brinkerhoff has now concluded, and Chappell, of Georgia, has the floor, and has remarked that if this was thus to be made a *sectional* question, their hope of passing the most important *national measure* was at an end.

Respectfully, B. B. D.

Letter from Isaac S. Flint.

FRIEND GAY.—The Annual Meeting of the Delaware Anti-Slavery Society has just passed, and it was one of the most exciting times Wilmington ever saw, as well as the most cheering to the true Abolitionist. We fortunately secured the services of those untiring friends of freedom, Drs. Hudson and Fussell, Abby Kelley, and E. J. Hitchcock. And we unexpectedly obtained the City Hall to hold a part of our meetings in; which will contain from eight hundred to one thousand. All the meetings, except the first, were well attended; some of them quite large. Hundreds came who had never before heard an Anti-Slavery lecture. Drawn there by the novelty of the thing, and the fact that women were to speak; when once there, nearly all became interested. The first resolutions discussed, as you will see by the reported proceedings, were descriptive of the character of American Slavery. So true to life did our friends paint the horrid system of robbery and adultery, that it must necessarily find an advocate, or surrender at discretion. One was fortunately found in the person of Dr. Worrell, a citizen of Wilmington.

He, as is usual with the advocates of Slavery, when hard pressed, laid hold of the horns of the altar, and endeavored to shelter himself from the arrows of truth, by trying to divert them from himself to the Bible. He committed the usual blunder, of pro-slavery advocates, by admitting that Slavery was an evil; and that he had found no slaveholder who did not admit it. Yet in a short time, forgetting what he had said, he attempted to find a sanction for it in the word of God. Thus making God worse than the slaveholders. The practical infidelity and atheism, in thus attempting to fix upon a God of Love, the odium of sanctioning such a system of adultery, murder, theft, and robbery, as chattel slavery, was most thoroughly shown up. Slavery being routed in a resort to the Bible, the next refuge was the senseless cry of amalgamation, which was raised during the discussion of the resolutions on prejudice against the colored population. This prejudice was shown to be inhuman, and anti-Christian. At which the serpent of Slavery must writhe into another shape;—assume a new skin. This it did on the introduction of Dr. Hudson's resolutions, showing the slaveholding character of the American Church. The Doctor laid bear the corruption and heathenism of the Church, showing, that though it professed great purity, and much love for the bodies and souls of men; yet that it was in the constant practice of all manner of iniquity—that it was constantly guilty of robbing the poor, not only of their wages, their political rights, their children, their education, but of that Word of God which they professed to believe the only sure guide to life eternal. Some observations were made in relation to the resolution of the Methodist Church, concerning colored testimony, when the Rev. Mr. Kennedy requested the speaker to state that the resolution was rescinded; although he did not deny but that it was still enforced in all the slaveholding States. The Doctor proceeded to show that as the Methodist Church was a unit in its Church government, and as it held one hundred and twenty-five thousand slaves, and deprived them of the right to read the Bible; therefore all Methodists practically sanctioned all the theft, robbery, murder, and adultery, which necessarily flow from the system of Slavery. Then rose the yell and the hiss from the mobocratic defenders of the Church. Alas for the religion which has such defenders. It is a stench in the nostrils of all good men. So great was the din, that for some minutes no one could speak. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy finally got the ear of the crowd, and implored them to be quiet, in consideration of the females present; but had not one word to offer for the right of free speech. Alderman Chandler next succeeded in being heard; and basely catered to the popular prejudice, by entreating the audience to be quiet, although their feelings had been outraged and insulted, as he said. Dr. Worrell then took the stand, and succeeded by appealing to the chivalry of the audience, in restoring some degree of quiet; after which Abby Kelley spoke the remainder of the evening, though not without attempts being made by the official authorities to prevent her. It was a most searching, withering appeal in favor of free speech. A meeting was held in the Athæneum the next afternoon, the City Hall having been closed by the city authorities—representatives of the "cutaneous democracy" of the town of Wilmington. That too was closed in the evening against us. And thus, so far as public opinion, backed up by Church and State, can do it, free speech is struck down. It may be asked what we have gained? Much every way. Attention is roused to the subject of Slavery; the dangerous lethargy of the body politic is broken; and in spite of the anathemas of Church and State, men will examine the horrors of Slavery; and come to correct conclusions. Then again, we shall no longer have to fight a concealed enemy; men are showing themselves under their true colors; and some whom we had thought friends of freedom and free speech, have taken sides with the enemy. But fortunately our cause does not depend upon numbers, but upon faithfulness in preaching and living the truth, which is mighty in the conflict with error. In view of all that has happened, I am each day confirmed in the belief, that true abolitionism is "No UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." Yours, for the cause,

ISAAC S. FLINT.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1845.

Take Notice.—There is a paper published in this city, called the New-York Standard, and letters and papers intended for us, often get miscarried to that office. Our friends and correspondents will please be sure and direct to us, as the *Anti-Slavery* Standard.

The Eleventh Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair.

The pleasures, the fatigues, and the sorrows of this occasion are over; but its satisfactions and its benefits still remain, and still increase, for they are not only pecuniary and temporal, but spiritual and eternal.

We have great satisfaction in announcing that the pecuniary benefit to the cause is greater than in any former year; the receipts being $2,906. Much valuable property, in books, pictures, and elegant articles of dress, remains on hand, subject to a slow but sure demand; and it will probably be the case this year, as it was last, that it will all be disposed of, and the proceeds paid into the treasury of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, before the end of the year; so that the friends of the cause may begin to mature their plans for the TWELFTH GREAT FAIR, without any apprehension of a "glut of the market."

The warmest acknowledgments of the Managers, (with those of every slave, and every abolitionist,) are due to all those beloved friends, in Europe and America, who have so vigorously seconded this undertaking. Many of them we have never seen, nor can we hope to see; and they only know of us that our spirits are in unity with their own; that we are identified for this life with the august cause of Universal Freedom; that we are in numbers very few, and feeble, except in heart and hope—in faith and mutual help; struggling with the institutions, and the habits of life, and thought, the selfishness and the frivolity of our times, for the freedom of the enslaved; that we have been calumniated, cheated, and betrayed by those worst enemies of the cause—the hypocritical and dishonest pretenders to its name.

That, in spite of all interfering obstacles, those friends should clearly have discerned the right, and steadfastly stood by it, is to us a cause of joyful and grateful surprise: for it is not a common thing among men, "the cause they know not," carefully and dispassionately to "search out."

The sense we entertain of what our cause owes to the friends in Great Britain, in particular, has been officially expressed, as follows, in the recent quarterly meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society:

"Resolved, That the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society takes this earliest opportunity to express to the abolitionists of Glasgow, Dublin, Edinburgh, London, Darlington, Tynemouth, Bristol, Tralee, Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Walthamston, Woburn, Wrexham, and all the other beloved friends in Great Britain, who have aided the Eleventh Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, the deep and grateful sense that we cherish, in common with all Anti-Slavery Americans, of the tender sympathy, the important pecuniary help, and the efficient testimony which they have both now and always given to us in our advocacy of THE CAUSE."

The Fair was never before so productive, so attractive and beautiful; and this we owe, in a large measure, to the taste, skill, and liberality of our British coadjutors. They shall each and all hear from us hereafter, in more particular acknowledgment; but, at present, we can but mention a few of the multitude of their beautiful contributions. The exquisite scarfs and shawls, from Lady Murray and Elizabeth Pease;—the beautiful dresses from the Edinburgh and Glasgow friends;—the choice *papéteris*, and the beautiful tinting by reflection,* from Cork, Dublin, and Bristol friends;—the valuable drawings from the Messrs. Carpenter and Mr. Tripp;—the interesting books, sent in many volumes by the very friends who wrote them;—the embroidery, the knitting and netting;—the conchological specimens from Messrs. Darbishire and Carpenter, and all the multitude of beautiful things, sent through Miss Paton and Mrs. Welsh,—how can they be properly catalogued and described? We can but gratefully assure the friends who sent them, that they were truly appreciated and rapidly disposed of. The drawings of Harriet Martineau's room, and the views from it, with the sketches of Feetham, the residence of Elizabeth Pease, drew crowds around the portfolio that contained them. The thanks of the Managers are tendered to Mr. Enfield, of Nottingham, and the unknown friend of Darlington, who furnished them.

The beautiful table-cover from Harriet Martineau, was a strong point of interest through the week. The following correspondence was not intended for publication, but asked for in so many quarters that it would not be right to refuse, will inform the friends of its final disposition. No other arrangement would have met the wishes of the Managers of the Fair, whether as the advocates of the Cause, and the friends of Miss Martineau.

AMORY HALL, Dec. 31st, 1844.

The beautiful work of Harriet Martineau, for the Eleventh Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Fair, has been purchased at the price marked—$100, by the friends whose names are underwritten, and they present it to Mrs. Follen, in token of affectionate respect, for both herself and Miss Martineau, and of their own enduring devotedness to the cause.

Madam Rodman,	Madam Chapman,
The Misses Sargent,	Mrs. George Russell,
Mrs. F. G. Shaw,	Edmund Quincy,
Dr. Farnsworth,	Miss Cabot,
Hingham A. S. Society,	Miss Philbrick,†
Miss Cowing,	Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Phillips.
Mr. and Mrs. William Atkinson,	Mr. and Mrs. C. Bramhall,
Mrs. Joseph Southwick,	Mrs. E. G. Loring,
Mr. and Mrs. David Page,	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
Mrs. Henry I Bowditch,	
Miss Robie,	Mrs. Henry Grafton Chapman.

To Madam Rodman, Madam Chapman, and the other friends who presented Miss Martineau's tapestry to Mrs. Follen:

DEAR FRIENDS:—For this most beautiful testimonial of your affectionate regard, I return my grateful and humble thanks. I do indeed feel humble and yet proud, when I find myself associated in your minds with Harriet Martineau and the cause of Human Freedom.

As a token of your faithful love for both, and of your tender remembrance of the departed, for so I love to regard it, and not on account of my own merits, I can, and do joyfully as well as gratefully accept your precious gift. It will be a legacy to my son, which I hope may help to inspire him to noble deeds; so that whenever he looks at it, and thinks of the life and love of her, who, through long hours of pain, wrought with her feeble hands, these undying flowers and fruits so beautifully, and remembers the names of the noble souls, who united to give it to his mother, he shall dedicate himself anew to the glorious work to which they devoted their lives and all they possessed.

Once more, dear friends, accept my heartfelt and respectful thanks for your kindness.

Yours, most truly and affectionately,
[Signed.] E. L. FOLLEN.

West Roxbury, January 2d, 1845.

Nothing more curious and beautiful, of its kind, is to be found in our collection, than the Impalpable Gloves, as they were called, from their extreme delicacy. No one will read the subjoined account, which we afterwards found in the parcel, without great interest and gratitude to the friend who furnishes it. A good example is the greatest blessing; and for this we are doubly indebted to our benevolent coadjutor. No unfeeling American can reproach *her* with the common slaveholding slang respecting the condition of Ireland, or find a pretence to bid *her* enlarged charity stay at home.

THE MANUFACTORY OF SPIDER GLOVES.

"It is now nearly six years since I first made the attempt of teaching fancy knitting, to assist one miserable family, consisting of a mother, confined constantly to bed, and her daughters. From this small beginning the number employed has now increased to over one hundred.

In the south and middle counties of Ireland, the chief means of earning for young females is by out-door employment, such as binding corn after the reapers, making hay, planting, and afterwards digging the potatoes. This custom is very unsafe for young girls; exposing their bodily and mental health to much danger,—besides inducing slovenly habits at home. They are wearied when they come in from work, and are satisfied to sit down to a wretched meal of potatoes, sometimes with milk, but more frequently without, in an uncleaned "cabin," for we cannot call the Irish peasant's home a "Cottage," that word breathing of comfort and cleanliness. In England you have no conception of the filth, as well as misery, of an Irish cabin.

Finding my experiment succeed beyond my expectations, and many others most anxious to learn, I determined to extend it further, being impressed with the importance of procuring some remunerative employment for the females, which would create a love for order and cleanliness in their dwellings, besides giving them the means of subsistence,—for even the out-of-door occupation is not sufficient for that purpose,—I began on coarser and common materials, gradually improving until the manufacture has attained its present degree of perfection.

Those who have acquired the art now teach the beginners, and as the learners are unable to pay, the first money earned by them is given to the teacher as her perquisite. Some work one pattern, some another, no one of them knows all the stitches. Any new pattern that I obtain, I learn first myself, and then teach it to one of the best knitters. Most of them being unable to read, or understand the theory, must learn it in this mechanical way, and their knowledge then becomes an additional source of profit to them. Many have found it difficult to believe that such fine texture has been manufactured with knitting needles, by some of the very poorest of the Irish peasantry with hands, rough, coarse, and hard. If the refined English lady could see the miserable abodes in which this delicate fabric is wrought, she would feel a double pleasure in wearing the cobweb mitts, aware that in so doing she was bestowing blessings of such various kinds on many a wretched fireside; food, fuel, clothing, peace, plenty, and good habits."

Our hearts are always elevated and strengthened, at this annual occasion, by the presence and the communications of friends whom we seldom meet. This year that consolation has been ten times greater than ever. With every arrival, inland or seaward, came the most satisfactory despatches. First speaks the venerated CLARKSON—the patriarch of the cause, whose mental sight age cannot dim, and whose hand is yet able to trace words of sympathy and cheer; whose voice, feeble though he tells us it be, is stronger than the sound of waters which divides him from us. Clear across the Atlantic, and clearer evermore amid the waves of coming time, is the voice that bids men give their hours to some grand purpose worthy of the gift. He sends us a second letter, a sequel to the one he wrote for the Liberty Bell, on the great subject which has occupied his life, and which will be speedily distributed as widely as our means permit.

From our brother Collins comes a word that is a deed; one of those rare words that are literally, as well as emblematically, "pictures of silver," and at the same time, representative of what is worthy of higher estimation than mountains of gold—the heart of a faithful, brave, magnanimous, disinterested man.

"December 18, 1844.

"Received of the American Anti-Slavery Society, by hand of Wendell Phillips, one dollar, in full of all demands.
JOHN A. COLLINS."

The following letter, addressed to one of the managers, is so deeply interesting that we subjoin it entire, for the encouragement of the friends of the slave, for the sake of the good it cannot fail to do his cause, and for the benefit of all who are suffering affliction, that they, too, by "going out of themselves" to serve mankind, may find a like fountain of hope and healing.

WREXHAM, Denbighshire, North Wales.

MY DEAR MADAM:—It would be a liberty in an entire stranger thus addressing you, were it not for the cause which induces me to do so. I hate and abhor flattery, and would not descend to use it to one who is, I believe, far above its influence; yet with all truth and sincerity, I may say, that I esteem it an honor to be allowed to write to one whose name is known to me by her noble efforts in a cause which must or ought to be dear to the heart of every Christian. It is indeed delightful to be thus associated with the little band who "remember those who are in bonds as bound with them"—and it is gratifying to be enabled to join them in their labors of love, though in a small measure.

In reading the report of the Bazaar for last year, I noticed friends in England, Scotland, and Ireland having contributed towards it; but I am not aware of any from Wales; and though not natives, we are at present residents there, and I would hope that an interest does exist on behalf of the poor suffering slave; and it is possible we may be ourselves surprised at its extent, were there any opportunity of carrying feeling out into action. I would hope this from its having been our own case. We had for years deeply pitied the wrongs of the poor negro; and whenever we came into contact with any of that poor oppressed race, had felt it a privilege to relieve them—but this was all. It was reserved for our esteemed and valuable friend, George Thompson, to give us the means of proving the sincerity of our feelings; and deeply indebted as we feel to him, on very many accounts, this takes precedence; and his so eloquently and devotedly exerting his energies with you and for you, shows us how entirely he is one with you in principle and action. You may well rejoice in having secured the services and the heart

which we shall do wherever we go; and as we travel about nearly half the year, we may be able to accomplish something in this way.

Wishing you every success, and praying that you may be blessed in proportion as you seek to confer happiness on others,—and begging you will accept our united kindest, and most Christian regards, believe me, dear Madam, with much esteem,

Yours, truly,

SARAH HILDITCH.

The contributions of friends in our own country, more beautiful and abundant than ever, were received from the following cities and towns:

Boston,	Cambridge,
New-Bedford,	Berlin,
Lynn,	Lowell,
Plymouth,	Gardner,
New-York, N. Y.	Holliston,
Philadelphia, Pa.	Charlestown,
Utica, N. Y.	Cohasset,
Winfield, N.Y.	Milton,
Salem,	Barnstable,
Danvers,	Warren,
Stoneham,	Westminister,
Andover,	Dorchester,
New-Ipswich,	Leicester,
Concord, N. H.	Hingham,
Portsmouth, N. H.	Hyannis,
Hanover,	Manchester,
Duxbury,	East Bridgewater,
Abington,	West Brookfield,
S. Abington,	Lunenburg,
Nantucket,	Fitchburg,
West Roxbury,	Hubbardston,
Weymouth,	Brookline,
Princeton,	Fairhaven,
Upton,	Southboro',
Leominster.	

Time would fail to particularize the attractive and valuable contributions from the above towns. They delighted the heart and eye of many a friend of the cause, and compelled the admiration and purchase-money of many a one, unfriendly to its interests. Our friend Woodbury will be glad to learn, that his efforts, in conjunction with twenty-eight others, for the Fair, were eminently successful. All the friends from Lynn, Warren, Danvers, Holliston, Boston, &c. who sent fruit, and supplies for the refreshment table, are informed that their contributions were acceptable and profitable to an extraordinary degree.

The book of specimens of the Sea-plants of our New-England coast, was purchased at $10, for Harriet Martineau, by those friends of the cause who chanced to be in the Hall at the moment the idea occurred; and who are merely the representatives of the American Abolitionists, in the expression of the sentiment of grateful and affectionate respect, of which this trifle is the "outward and visible sign."

On entering the Hall, the eye is at first troubled by the gay confusion. There are things that breathe of every clime, from northern Sweden to Araby the Blest; and call up pictures to the mental vision, of the manner of being in every latitude of the world which is our country. Up-rises the vision of the Russian, as we pass along, conjured hither by the sight of the gold and silver-wrought cap and slippers, and the pictures of his sledge and dwelling amid the snows. Behind him sits the North American Indian family, weaving yonder baskets, and embroidering with many-tinctured grass the bark of birches; and next pass the lovely shadows of many a household group in fair, free England—in generous, suffering Ireland, and true, strong-hearted Scotland; of every class, culture, and faith. Alike from cottage and from hall, in every garb, from the magnificence of court-costume to that brown uniformity which tells this generation's laudable pride in an ancestry that defied the oppressive pomps and vanities of courts, the visioned throng sweeps onward, and each and all leave here their beautiful offering for Freedom as they pass. How seemingly incongruous, yet how truly in harmony!

[To be continued.]

Hon. Henry Hubbard.

It is related of John Randolph, that such was his hatred of the manufacturing interests of the North, that he said he would, at any time, go a mile out of his way to kick a sheep. Although in his day, our Northern representatives deserved and received from him the significant epithet of *doe-face*, he should have lived a little longer, to learn the full extent of their powers of endurance. Doubtless his Southern humor would have been far more gratified in kicking the shepherd rather than the sheep. He would not now be obliged to go a mile to indulge his prejudice against this meekest of quadrupeds, for the quadrupeds' meeker masters would have come to him. The alacrity of Yankeedom in getting kicked, is only equalled by the patience with which she bears it.

It is well enough, so long as the people *will* persist in believing in the pleasant picture that they are living under the free Government of the *United* States, that certain persons should be sent to Washington to be brow-beaten in the Senate, and bullied in the House, while they barter the rights and interests of their constituents for the jackal's share of the spoils for themselves or their *toadies*; but I am at a loss to understand, on any principle of Yankeeism, the propriety of sending others farther South with no other apparent purpose than that of seeing how quickly they can run back again. In State street language, "it doesn't pay." It brings no harvest of honors or of dollars. Or at least, it brings none to the State, although a seat in the Executive Council of Massachusetts may be considered a fair return to the individual, considering the small outlay of capital in courage and shoe-leather. I trust there is still a vacant seat in that same Council, for there is another claimant, and one who deserves well of his Government, considering the inverse ratio in which honors are distributed.

At the same time that the Hon. Samuel Hoar was sent from Massachusetts to Charleston for the purpose of putting an end to the trifling inconvenience, to which a certain portion of his fellow-citizens are subjected, of being thrown into prison, and sometimes sold as slaves, on their arrival in that city, the Hon. Henry Hubbard was sent to New Orleans on a similar mission. How the first ended, we know. The second has come to the same notable conclusion. The gentleman seems to have conned well the lesson of the dramatist:

"*Pand.*—He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troilus.—Have I not tarried?

Pand.—Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troilus.—Have I not tarried?

Pand.—Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Troilus.—Still have I tarried.

Pand.—Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips."

In consideration of the chance of the burning of the lips, the Massachusetts agent has thought best not to tarry even the grinding of the grist he carried to mill.

But here is the whole story, from the New Orleans papers. The Bulletin says:

"We learn from last evening's Courier, that Hon. Henry Hubbard, the Massachusetts Commissioner, has left the city. Before departing, he wrote a letter to a gentleman of high standing, in which he frankly declares that he is fully convinced of the fruitlessness of his mission, and that, if persisted in, it will occasion great excitement. He adds, therefore, that he is preparing immediately to leave."

The Picayune says:

"Mr. Hubbard left New Orleans on Sunday, leaving in the hands of a gentleman of this city, a letter, of which the following is an extract:

And so I frankly declare to you—and farther, that I am fully convinced that the mission must be fruitless, and will occasion useless excitement; and I am preparing immediately to leave, and return the commission to the source from which it originated.'"

"I frankly declare to you"—what simplicity! What an admirable spirit of candor! And then the "useless excitement"—how considerate! how careful of the peace of that godly and pious city of New Orleans! What a laudable anxiety to preserve inviolate, the quiet of those excellent people in the whipping-room in the Caliboose, and the Patriarchs generally of Louisiana. Or are we to look upon all this candor and this dread of excitement, as only an early stage of that peculiar disease, which is indigenous to a southern climate, but only deleterious to northern constitutions? Whatever it may have been, it matters little, as the result was the same in either case.

I wonder if the honorable agent happened to observe, as he embarked on board the steamer bound up the river, a gang of colored men, who may be seen any fair day, breaking stone on the Levee, opposite the Cathedral, some with heavy drag-chains on their limbs, some with manacles about their ankles, and others with collars around their necks, to which long prongs are sometimes added; and whether he inquired how many Massachusetts men there were in this chain-gang; and whether it occurred to him, that their employment, and their chains, and collars, their home in the Caliboose, and an occasional visit to the whipping-post, and superadded to these, the memory of their New-England home, and family, and friends, must create also in their bosoms sometimes a slight feeling of "excitement." Perhaps, too, they had heard of his visit, and with quickened pulses, said in their hearts, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!" Perhaps they heard of his departure also, and the reason therefor; and who better than they can appreciate the mingled moderation and firmness, the valor tempered by mercy, the dignity of the statesman made more imposing by the bearing of the philosopher, which the Massachusetts agent has so signally displayed? Perhaps, too, they saw him embark, and the clank of their chains sounded none the mournfuller as they thought of the land to which he was going, while they turned back to their cells again. Doubtless their blessings followed him. Who could help thanking that man that so much "useless excitement" was saved by his prudent discretion?

Mr. Hubbard, I understand, is the editor of a paper called the Berkshire Whig. His visit to the South will not be without its fruits. Experience, it is said, is the best schoolmaster, and he will have learned, in the best way, something of a subject which seems to have interested him. I cut, a few days since, from an exchange paper, an article purporting to come from the Berkshire Whig, and from his pen. Its subject is Mason and Dixon's Line, and a very correct historical account is given of its origin, and some very apposite reflections are made upon its moral character. He calls it a "*portentous* degree of latitude," and asserts that it was extended in 1820 beyond its original terminus, "by a *fiction* of law to favor Slavery." Perhaps after all we have mistaken the purpose of his mission to the South, and that he was only sent to make some further researches into the character of this mysterious boundary. If so, he has been eminently successful. He has now the evidence of personal experience, that it is, indeed, a very "*portentous* degree of latitude," but will correct his former impression that there is any "*fiction*" about it, whether legal or otherwise. He is himself a living proof that it is a very positive reality. He was an apter scholar in learning this even than his fellow agent. It did not need a Committee of gentlemen to teach it him; nor that "a man, decently dressed, and of middle age, with a cane or club grasped firmly in his hand," should advise him to be "travelling." He travelled, without advice, even from a physician. Let us be thankful for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We shall yet become perfectly familiar with the ceremonies attending Crossing the Line.—C.

New Hampshire.

It is a significant and melancholy fact, that we are called upon to record single instances only of honorable and upright conduct on the subject of Slavery, on the part of that party which claims to possess, in an eminent degree, a love and care for the rights of all men. Though we know, that except on questions of pecuniary importance, both parties, whatever may be their professions, are utterly destitute of any practical principles; and though we know as well that these parties also are subject to a discipline, which in the moral power exercised over the individual, exceeds the physical restraint imposed upon the subjects of a military despotism; yet, notwithstanding this, it would not be too much to hope—did not experience teach us that such hope was fallacious—that men would often be found who would break away from, and trample under their feet, the party trammels which bind them, when they find that these are utterly inconsistent with the principles which captivated their young manhood, and have been cherished in after life, as the only hope of humanity. Beautiful things have been said and written of Democracy, and the great truths which embody the rights of humanity, have been condensed and simplified, till they have passed into proverbs, and become the household words of millions of people. That principle of the human mind, which in earlier ages made Gods of men, has given to Thomas Jefferson a place in the hearts of a majority of the people of this country, which is hardly second to that which is granted to the "Father of the Country" himself. And why? not because he fought our battles; not because, under his administration, the fame and interests of his country reached a pitch of grandeur and prosperity which commanded at once the enthusiasm and gratitude of his countrymen; but chiefly because he is hailed as the apostle of Democracy, and because he advocated and labored to establish the abstract truths, which, it was felt, it was the mission of this people to develope in their practical and social institutions. The party which claims him as their first and greatest chief, is even now the dominant party of the Commonwealth. They still fight under their old banners, and with their old battle-cries. From their most renowned leaders down to the veriest scullion in their ranks, the watch-word of "Liberty and Equality" is ever heard; and yet, with the same universal unanimity, they each and all advocate the perpetuation of human Slavery, and its extension in a way, which, apart from the inherent wickedness and anti-democratic character of the system itself, must bring upon its victims an amount of suffering, from which a humane mind, and one uncontaminated by the leprosy of party, shrinks appalled.

Why this is so, it is not worth while now to stop to inquire. Sixty years ago a compromise was made with evil, and which has produced its natural, if not its necessary result, of forcing one of the two parties, into which the Commonwealth is divided, to maintain a position in its support. Other causes have placed the Democratic party in that position, but what they are it matters little, so that the fact is certain.

My present purpose is only to call attention to a new thing under the Sun, that has happened to New Hampshire. She has been hitherto remarkable for her love of Liberty in the abstract, and of Slavery in the concrete. Those sturdy mountaineers of hers, have held fast to their Democratic integrity, with a steadiness unexampled in the history of any other State, while they have ranged themselves by the side of slaveholders in the protection of Slavery, in, apparently, the most happy unconsciousness of their own inconsistency, or with an indifference to palpable political scoundrelism which approaches the sublime. Their hearts have seemed as hard as their own granite, and as unmoved by any appeals to their common sense, common honesty, conscience, or humanity, as their own mountains would be, if made to them. The State has seemed so hopelessly stupid, as not to know the difference between right and wrong, or so depraved as not to care for it. The vote of her Representatives in Congress have been heretofore as invariably on the side of Slavery, and as certainly to be relied upon, where any question should come up in which the interests of the system should be involved, as those of South Carolina herself. The genius of evil has never forsaken them, for they have never even blundered into doing right.

But the charm is broken. One foot has been placed upon the overseer's lash. One man has dared to tear off his badge, and declare himself a freeman. The Hon. John P. Hale has written a letter to his constituents, in which he comes out unequivocally against the Annexation of Texas, chiefly because that measure is calculated, and advocated, for the sole purpose of extending Slavery. The letter is well written, bold, and to the point. I quote a couple of paragraphs:

I have thus, my fellow-citizens, in a brief and imperfect manner, laid before you some of the reasons, and I believe all the substantial reasons, which our Government have alledged as justifying this measure of Annexation. To my mind, instead of justifying it, they are eminently calculated to provoke the scorn of earth and the judgment of Heaven; and I cannot consent, by any agency of mine, to aid in placing our beloved country in such an attitude.

When our forefathers bade a lasting farewell to the homes of their childhood, the graves of their fathers, and the temples of their God, and ventured upon all the desperate contingencies of wintry seas and a savage coast, that they might, in strong faith and ardent hope, lay deep the foundations of the temple of liberty, their faith would have become scepticism, and their hope despair, could they have foreseen that the day would ever arrive when their degenerate sons should be found seeking to extend their boundaries and their Government, not for the purpose of promoting freedom, but sustaining slavery.

All honor be to this man. Whether his constituents shall approve of his manly and upright course, or not, he will gain the respect of all who believe that truth and right are of more value than place and power. Perhaps New Hampshire has only been slumbering, and has only waited to be aroused to what is due herself and the cause of Freedom, by one free act on the part of one of her representatives. May it prove so, for she has need enough to redeem her character.—G.

Letter from Cassius M. Clay.

The Boston Atlas publishes the following admirable letter from Mr. Clay. Would he could shake himself entirely free from his partisan spirit, and lend all his great energies to the abolition of Slavery in his own State, by appeals to the consciences and patriotism of his fellow-citizens, without regarding the puny efforts of any political party. He would accomplish his purpose within five years, and place his name higher on the roll of fame, than that of any other son of Kentucky has ever been written.

LEXINGTON, Ky. Jan. 6, 1845.

To the Editors of the Boston Atlas:

GENTLEMEN:—I have been favored, by some unknown friend, with a pamphlet, entitled, "An Appeal to the people of Massachusetts, on the Annexation of Texas." My long and uncompromising opposition to the Annexation of Texas to this Union, is based, principally, upon my utter hatred of *Slavery*. There is, therefore, something in this "Appeal" which moves me, as a common inheritor of American liberty, to give it the poor approbation of a single individual south of Mason and Dixon's line. I knew, full well, that the election of James K. Polk would be claimed, by the party, as the verdict of the people in favor of Texas, and, by the slave power, in favor of *Slavery*. The voluntary disavowal by Mr. Clay, therefore, of my opinions, as set forth in a letter to Mr. Speed, of Ithaca, New-York, could not compel me, through mortified pride at the awkward position in which he had placed me before the American people, to desert the glorious standard of human liberty, and national honor, and good faith, which all now plainly see is struck down, temporarily at least, in his person. It is far from my feelings and purpose, now, to reproach Mr. Clay—to whom I am under many obligations, which can never be cancelled, both as a man and as a statesman—yet I believe the great Whig party, north of the line, is prepared now to admit, that, in losing the moral power of opposition to Texas, as a *Slavery* question, we lost all: for, whilst the South, under "Democratic" rule, was prepared to sacrifice all things to Slavery, the Whigs, of necessity, were doomed to lose many votes in the North, upon minor questions, thus enabling the consolidated votes of the South, aided by the office-seekers of the North, to carry the day. Until, therefore, the spirit of liberty in the free States shall become as strong and controlling as the power of Slavery here, all will continue to be lost. Thus, and thus only, can the unholy and disastrous alliance between Slavery, utter despotism, and so-called Democracy, be broken up. A temporizing policy can never again be renewed under as favorable circumstances as have already witnessed our defeat. Shall I be pardoned, then, in saying that, if there is anything in Republicanism worth preserving, it can be maintained only by an eternal and uncompromising war against the criminal usurpations of the slave power. This, your ablest statesman, John Quincy Adams, has long since foreseen, and proclaimed in a voice well worthy of his name, of glorious revolutionary inheritance. I tell you, *the time has now come*, when the friends of liberty and the cravey slaves of despotism must stand apart. Wide as the great Atlantic is the ground which henceforth shall divide the advocates and opponents of Texas-union. Whatever may have been the difference of opinion about the constitutionality of taking Texas, by the treaty-making power, no honest man, in my opinion, can be so blind as not to see that, in the proposed scheme of Annexation, by a vote of the two Houses of Congress, the Constitution is not only palpably violated, but utterly destroyed, and the Union dissolved. As a Kentuckian, I vow before all men that I owe no allegiance to any such new alliance as the *Texas union*. When I regard the *object* of the sacrifice of *that union*, which Washington deemed "the palladium of liberty to us and our posterity," I feel that I am a shameless recreant to the blood which I inherit from the heroes of '76, and already a debased and degenerate repudiator of the immortal Declaration of rights, if I am not fully prepared to go with Massachusetts, or any other portion of the Old Thirteen, in *vindicating it, if need be, by the sword*. I say, then, to the author of the "Appeal," raise the standard of "liberty and union, now and forever." I shall no more undertake to speak for others; but there shall follow its glorious destiny one of the descendants of Old Virginia, who will not in thought so damn his own native State as to believe that there will be *but one*.

I owe it to my own humble name to say, that I did not, whilst in the North, lose time to vindicate myself from the many misrepresentations and unjust imputations which have not ceased to follow me, even now. The Texas resolutions presented by me, in the Kentucky Legislature, in 1836, so generally published, are not at all contradictory of my subsequent opinions. I was in favor of Texas-union, then, because of my love of "liberty," the flag under which she fought; but when she trampled under foot her war-worn standard—and, in the moment of triumph, forgot justice and mercy, and defied the God of battles, by establishing perpetual Slavery, then, the same impulse that before moved me to stand by her with *money* and *word*, led me to denounce her before the world. The idea that Texas could come in as a "new State," was just such as was to be expected from a youth of twenty-five; and I am not of that class of wise men, who boast that they have lived long and learned nothing. The other unjust insinuations against me are such as I hope I can live down, and are not worthy of intrusion upon the public ear. The kindness shown me—or rather the cause of my humble advocacy—by the people of Massachusetts, and by the whole North, for which I shall ever be grateful, made me bold in the avowal of my full confidence that they will now be true to themselves—to Liberty—to Mankind—to God.

Yours, truly,

C. M. CLAY.

More Chivalry.

The New Orleans Picayune gives the following sketch of the proceedings in the Louisiana Legislature, in relation to the agency of Mr. Hubbard. That gentleman was not quite quick enough, after all, to save needless excitement. But his intentions were good:

The Senate yesterday received the message of the Governor, touching the agency of Mr. Hubbard, from Massachusetts, and accompanying documents, and referred them to the Joint Judiciary Committee of both Houses. The message of the Governor, it may be remarked, is couched in justly indignant terms at this daring assumption of interference on the part of one State.

In the House of Representatives, a message from the Governor, similar to that which he had sent to the Senate, relative to the mission of Mr. Hubbard, from Massachusetts, was received. As soon as the Clerk had finished reading it, Mr. Wadsworth rose and said, that, anticipating such a communication as that just read, he had prepared a resolution and a preface to it, which he had intended to offer to the House; but, inasmuch as the person who was the immediate subject of it, had voluntarily withdrawn from the city, he thought it would be lowering the dignity of the Legislature, were it to descend to make special mention of him. Instead, therefore, of the resolution which he designed to offer, he would submit the following preamble and act:

"*Whereas*, The Legislature of Louisiana having passed and enforced "an act forbidding free persons of color from coming within her limits," the State of Massachusetts has thought proper to appoint an Agent to reside in New Orleans, for the purpose of collecting and transmitting accurate information respecting the number and names of the citizens of Massachusetts, (free people of color meant and intended,) who have heretofore been, or who may be, during the period of the engagement of the agent, imprisoned without the allegation of any crime; and for the further purpose of testing the legality of such imprisonment.

"Notwithstanding the desire ever manifested by this State, and the wish she feels still to continue kindly relations with the other members of the Confederacy, she cannot permit this gross assault upon her rights and interests to pass without comment and resistance. The statute which has given offence to Massachusetts, was enacted for our security and peace. All experience has shown that association with the ignorant colored persons from the States that do not tolerate Slavery, is followed by discontent among our black population, and by the escape of numbers of slaves to the non-slaveholding States, whence they are rarely reclaimed. They become, (particularly in Massachusetts,) special objects of commiseration and protection. The law is of the highest importance, required alike by prudence and humanity. Massachusetts, for many years, has been incessantly warring against the Slavery of the Southern States. Her delegates in the Congress of the Confederacy spare no efforts to excite the public mind against the institution, and her State Legislature has even petitioned Congress to propose an alteration of the Constitution of the United States, by which the representation of our slave property is secured, and without which the compact of Union never would have been formed, and which, if abolished, would immediately be followed by a separation of the States.

Not content with his course of conduct in Congress, and in her Legislature, which, though she may have had the right to pursue, is not courteous to the slave States, nor in accordance with the spirit of the Confederation, she has gone much farther—toleration has emboldened her, and she has ventured to send a salaried agent to reside among us, for the purpose of testing the legality of laws which we were forced to make to protect ourselves from the fanaticism mainly engendered by her citizens, and stimulated by her authorities. Such is the result. She has been pleased to add to the injury she has done us—bent only upon the success of the crusade against our domestic institutions, she is not satisfied with the excitement she has kindled within her own limits, the unkind feelings she has engendered among her neighbors, and the prejudices she has aroused throughout Christendom against us, but has finally determined to pay missionaries to live among us, for the purpose of agitating the institution of Slavery, and at the risk, if not with the object, of stimulating our slaves to insurrection, and subjecting us to the horrors of such a civil commotion. To prevent evils of such magnitude is our first duty, and one which we cannot perform too promptly or with too much rigor.

"*Therefore, be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, &c.*, That any person or persons who has, or have visited, or may visit the State as the agent of Massachusetts, or any other State, for the purpose of collecting and transmitting accurate information respecting the number and the names of the citizens of that or any other State, who have been, or may hereafter be imprisoned under the provisions of the laws of this State in relation to free persons of color, or to test the validity of said laws, shall, on conviction thereof, be subjected to a fine of not less than —— dollars, and to confinement at hard labor in the Penitentiary for a period of not less than —— years."

While reading the above, the Hon. member was interrupted by the Speaker, who told him it was out of order to proceed, no notice of the bill having been given, and no dispensation of the rules having been obtained.

"Sir," said Mr. Wadsworth, with marked warmth of manner, "Sir, this is a matter that is not, I conceive, to be subjected to the technical orders of debate, or the general rules of the House. It is an undue assumption on the part of a confederated State, and demands prompt repulsion. Sir, if I see a man with a lighted match in his hand, which he is about to apply to a powder magazine, my first impulse is to knock him down, to prevent the catastrophe, which would follow the ignition, regardless as to whether or not, in doing so, I acted in accordance with prescribed rule or form."

On motion of a member, a dispensation of the rules was granted, the act was read, and, with the Governor's Message, and other documents, referred to the Joint Judiciary Committee.

Republicanism.

The late ebulition of wrath in South Carolina, has become a fixed fact. The following law has been passed by the Legislature. When will the North become as uncompromising in favor of the right, as the South is of wrong? Our Northern Legislatures might take a lesson of her in promptness and energy, without in any way injuring their characters for Christain meekness and forbearance.

(Passed at the session of the Legislature of 1844.)

AN ACT to provide for the punishment of persons disturbing the peace of this State, in relation to Slaves and Free persons of color.

I. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That any person or persons who shall on his, her, or their own behalf, or under color, or in virtue of any commission or authority from any State or public authority of any State in this Union, or of any foreign power, come within the limits of this State for the purpose, or with the intent to disturb, counteract, or hinder the operation of such laws and regulations as have been or shall be made by the public authorities of this State, in relation to slaves or free persons of color, such person or persons shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be committed for trial to the common Jail of the District, by any one of the Judges of the Courts of Law or Equity, or the Recorder of the City of Charleston, unless admitted to bail by the said Judge or Recorder; and, upon conviction thereof by any Court of competent jurisdiction, shall be sentenced to banishment from the State, and to such fine and imprisonment as may be deemed fitting by the Court which shall have tried such offence.

II. That any person within this State who shall at any time accept any commission or authority from any State, or public authority of any State in this Union, or from any foreign power, in relation to slaves or free persons of color, and who shall commit any overt act with intent to disturb the peace or security of this State, or with intent to disturb, counteract, or hinder the operation of the laws or regulations of the public authorities of this State, made or to be made in relation to slaves or free persons of color, such persons shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon due conviction thereof, before any competent Court, shall be sentenced to pay, for the first offence, a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, and to be imprisoned not exceeding one year; and for the second offence, he shall be imprisoned for seven years, and pay a fine of not less than one thousand dollars, or be banished from the State, as the Court may see fit.

III. That the Governor, for the time being, may require any person or persons who shall or may have come within the limits of this State, on his, her, or their own behalf, or under color, or in virtue of any commission or authority from any State in this Union, or from any foreign power, having relation to the laws or regulations of this State on the subject of slaves or free persons of color, to depart from the limits of this State within forty-eight hours after such notice: and such persons shall thereupon be bound to depart: and in case of his neglect or refusal so to depart, as aforesaid, the said person shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be committed by the same authority herein before stated, for trial to the common jail of the district, unless admitted to bail as hereinbefore stated; and upon due conviction before any court of competent jurisdiction, shall be sentenced to be banished from the State, and to such fine and imprisonment as the court shall think expedient.

IV. That any person who shall be convicted a second or any subsequent time under the provisions of the first or third sections of this Act, shall be imprisoned for a term not less than seven years, and shall pay a fine not less than one thousand dollars, and shall in addition thereto be banished from the State.

V. That it shall be the duty of the Sheriff of the district to see that any sentence of banishment be duly executed, and that the offender be sent without the limits of the State; and in case any person so banished shall return within the State, (unless by unavoidable accident,) the Sheriff of the district where he may be found, shall hold him in close confinement under the original sentence, until such offender shall enter into recognizance before the Clerk of the Court, with sufficient sureties, to comply with the terms of the said sentence, and forever to remain without the limits of this State.

The American Colonization Society.

The African Repository, and Colonial Journal, the organ of this Society, is received. It presents no new phasis of the scheme, but insists, in an address to its friends and patrons, on the old arguments, which years ago were proved fallacious to all who would do anything for the colored race. If there is any change in its tone, it is that it says little about abolishing Slavery, and more than ever of Christianizing Africa. The donations to the Society from the 22d of October, to the 31st of December, 1844, amount to the large sum of $4,454 70, and all this, with the exception of $70, from Virginia, $325 and from Kentucky, comes from the free States. Massachusetts is the largest donor, having contributed, in these three months, $635.25. Of this sum the Hon. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, gives $100 The profits of trade in the colony, during the same period, amount to about $5,000.

Pennsylvania Freeman.

I observe by the last number of this excellent little semi-monthly, that its leading editorials are to be supplied for the next five months, by James Russell Lowell, who is passing the winter in Philadelphia. This will give to it an additional value, and ought to extend its circulation among the many friends and warm admirers of that gentleman. It is gratifying to see one so highly gifted as this young poet, girding on his armor for the moral conflict which can yield him no honor, rather than seeking the "bubble reputation" which he might gain so easily in other pursuits. He will find a higher reward than in the praise of men. Anti-Slavery owes nothing to the best and the greatest, but there are none so great or so good that she cannot make greater and better. For one, I welcome him with my whole heart, into active service, in our ranks.

Thanks to the Freeman for its kind and flattering notice of the Standard. I will not praise it in turn, however, this week, lest it seem like a *quid pro quo*.

SENATORS.—Messrs. Dix and Dickinson have been returned to the United States Senate, from this State.

Obituary.

Many of our friends will read this paragraph with a sad heart. The last Philanthropist brings intelligence of the death of Rebecca Donaldson, the only daughter of Christian Donaldson, of Cincinatti. She died on the 2d instant, of disease of the heart. Her age was twenty years.

It would be no comfort to her many friends, and no relief to my own sadness, to place here any memento of her character. It is enough to say, that all who knew her, loved her. To the household, that twice within the year have made new graves, another comforter than the accustomed words of any friend, must speak.

We need not ask why one so young, so beautiful, so good, and so wise for her years, is taken from a circle, of which she was the idol and the ornament; a higher power than the finite alone could answer. We only know, that brief as her life has been, it has not been without a purpose, and that till two generations shall have passed away, the memory of her will live in many hearts.

Important from Mexico.

Late intelligence has been received from Mexico, via New Orleans. The civil war is still raging. It is reported that Santa Anna has been attacked and defeated by Gen. Paredes, but the news does not come in the most authentic shape. We have no room for particulars.

NEW-YORK LEGISLATURE.—A series of resolutions was offered last week, instructing the Senators and Representatives in Congress, to oppose Annexation, unless the prohibition of Slavery were made an indispensable condition of admission. They were laid on the table, and the question of printing referred.

NEWS PAPER.—It is said that a new Anti-Slavery paper, to be called the Independent Statesman, is about to be established at Northampton, Mass. As it has no Anti-Slavery in its title, I presume it is to be an organ of third-party.

HAYTI.—By a late arrival, intelligence is received that affairs are still in a very unsettled state in this Island. It is reported that a large number of blacks, headed by General Goba, had declared a war of extermination against the mulattoes.

THE WHIGS ALIVE.—Reverdi Johnson has been returned for Maryland, Mr. Clayton for Delaware, and Mr. Webster for Massachusetts, to the United States Senate.

A MOB.—An Anti-Slavery meeting was mobbed a few days since in Uricksville, Ohio. Stones and eggs were both used to pelt the speakers and the assembly.

WM. F. HARNDEN, the founder of the popular and convenient system of Expressing, died in Boston, on Thursday of last week.

THE TREATY WITH CHINA concluded between Mr. Cushing and the Emperor of China, was ratified by the Senate on Thursday last, by a unanimous vote.

☞ The article in to-day's paper, giving a description of the late Fair in Boston, will be read with interest by everybody. One half of it, however, only reached us in season for this paper, and to insert that even, much other matter, which was in type, was crowded out,—among other things, a reply of Mr. Quincy to Mr. Jay,—all which will appear in due time.

GAG-LAW IN OHIO.—The House of Representatives refused by a vote of 55 to 31, to receive a petition from the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Richmond, Virginia, for the abolition of the Black Laws. A large part of the members of this Yearly Meeting are from Ohio.

CINCINNATI HIGH SCHOOL.—If my friend Hiram S. Gilmore, will turn to the Standard of August 29th, he will find that the mistake, into which I was led by a Western paper, in regard to his school, is corrected.

MR. BIRNEY.—The publications in relation to the Saginaw nomination, were accidentally omitted this week. They will appear in the next paper.

ERRATUM.—Standard, November 7th, in D. L. Child's reply to J. Fulton, Jr. last line, for "quoted nothing," *read* quoted nothing *good*.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.—Our Pennsylvania friends will accept our apology for so late a publication of their Address to British Abolitionists, and the proceedings of the last meeting of the FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION. As I do not recollect ever having seen it before, the Freeman containing it could not have reached me at the time of its publication.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON Jan. 19th. 1845.

In the House, on the 17th and 18th, a new and novel subject claimed the attention of the members. Texas has been very unceremoniously set aside, and the chivalric "affair of honor" almost, if not wholly, forgotten.

Mr. Taylor, from the Committee of Accounts, made, on Friday, a report showing that Caleb J. McNulty, Clerk of the House, had embezzled about $11,000 of the contingent fund of the House. On the 18th, he was expelled from office, by yeas 196, nays, none, and handed over as a defaulter to the laws of the Sub-Treasury, passed in 1841, by a vote of 170 yeas to 4 nays—Messrs. Duncan, Hays, Jamison, and McDowell, in the negative. This is only a small portion of the millions spent to buy votes in the last Presidential campaign, by the political parties which then rent our country; and nothing on earth ever placed C. J. McNulty in that important and responsible station but the fact that he was a *working* partisan.

The one-day election bill has passed both houses, and only awaits the signature of the President to become the law of the land. It passed the Senate, I believe, unanimously, as did the Cushing treaty with China, from which vote, secrecy has been removed. This treaty guarantees to us all the privileges that were obtained by Victoria, after a bloody and inglorious war.

The Texas re-annexation question will be on the carpet in both houses to-morrow, and all the matter in the discussion having a bearing on the question in which your paper is immediately and so zealously engaged, shall be speedily transmitted for insertion in the Standard.

O. I. C U.

NOTICES.

PETITIONS,—PETITIONS! RHODE ISLAND.

It has been thought best by the Executive Committee of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society to issue the following forms of petition for signature.

The attention of friends throughout the State is called to this matter, especially as the time is short—and whatever we do, must be done quickly. Our Legislature meets in January, (the present month.) The Congress petitions must be forwarded before the 4th of March.

Forms can be had on application at the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorance street, Providence. Will the friends take the subject at once in hand, and see to it that this matter has an extensive circulation?

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Rhode Island.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, in view of the great and alarming danger of the Annexation of Texas to the United States, respectfully ask that you will,

1st. Declare that the admission of any Foreign Territory into the United States, against the will of any one of the original partners to the Federal Compact, is, in itself, a dissolution of the Union, and that the people of Rhode Island will be absolved thereby from all allegiance to the General Government.

2d. That you will request our Senators and Representatives in Congress, to withdraw from that body, and return to their constituents immediately, on the consummation of any project for the Annexation of Texas to this Union.

3d. That you will empower and request the Government of this State to call a Convention of the people, as soon as such Annexation may be accomplished, in order to consider their relations towards the rest of the Union, and the steps which it may consequently devolve on them to take.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Rhode Island.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, respectfully solicit the General Assembly—

1st. To authorize the Governor, by an agent, or otherwise, to inquire into the circumstances and condition of certain citizens of Rhode Island, who may have been, are, or shall be imprisoned and enslaved, in any slaveholding State of this Union, on account of color. Also to guarantee to any such citizen or citizens a proper defence both before the State Courts, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

2d. To pass a law defining and declaring the rights of the people of this State in the use of the means of conveyance furnished by the Railroad Corporations therein, in order that the officers of said Companies may no longer claim the right of insulting or assaulting any of their passengers on the sole ground of a difference of color.

3d. To repeal all laws of this State making any distinction among citizens on account of color.

To the Congress of the United States.

The undersigned, inhabitants of the State of Rhode Island, protesting against the proposed annexation of Texas to this Union, in the name of Justice, Freedom, and the Constitution, respectfully ask that in case such an event take place, you will, by calling a National Convention for the purpose, take immediate measures for a peaceable dissolution of the Union.

THE BRANDED HAND.

The late frequent aggressions of the South on Northern Liberty, demands loudly from the friends of freedom in the North, a united and powerful expression of their entire sympathy with the Anti-Slavery prisoners; their unqualified approval of their course; and their deep abhorrence of the tyranny which confines them in Southern dungeons. As one means of expressing that sentiment, it is proposed to publish a paper, to be devoted to the cause of these noble Anti-Slavery martyrs.

Its title and motto will be—THE BRANDED HAND! It will be published once a month, at fifty cents a year, payable on delivery of the first number. It will know no particular sect in religion or organization in Slavery. All, therefore, who love truth and liberty, are invited to aid us. All profits beyond costs of publishing, to be given to the prisoners. All communications relative to the paper to be left at the *Anti-Slavery Office, Providence.*

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The subjoined series of meetings have been agreed upon for Abby Kelley, E. J. Hitchcock, Dr. E. D. Hudson, and Dr. E. Fussell.

It will be seen that in most instances, appointments have been made for the same day in different places. This is for the purpose of economising time and labor; and will be managed by letting one half of the company—say Dr. Hudson and E. J. Hitchcock, go forward from a given place to the next place appointed, and hold a meeting or meetings one day, leaving the other half—Abby Kelley and Dr. Fussell—to follow the next day and continue the meeting. Thus will double the amount of work be accomplished in the same space of time.

The precise hour at which the meetings are to be held, are left to be arranged by persons in the different places enumerated. Blank handbills calculated to facilitate the publishing of these notices, can be had at the Anti-Slavery office, No. 31 North Fifth Street. Friends in the country had better send and procure some.

New Garden Lyceum, Pennsylvania,		10th and 11th.
Lionville or Windsor,	"	22d and 23d.
West Nantmeal M. House,	"	23d and 24th.
Pottstown,	"	24th and 25th.
Evansbury,	"	25th and 26th.
Norristown,	"	27th and 28th.
Abington,	"	29th and 30th.
Penn's Manor,	"	30th and 31st.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Rochester on Wednesday and Thursday, February, 5th and 6th, 1845, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. W. W.

Poetry.

RHINE SONG.

[Lines accompanying the beautiful sketches of Rhine scenery, sent to the great Anti-Slavery Fair, at Boston, by Miss Carpenter, of Bristol, England.]

Brothers, sing the Rhine, thou glorious son of mountains,
Where beats the German heart that is not proud of thee?
Where so'er thou flowest, from thine Alpine fountains
Down to where the Hollander gazes on the sea?
Rich are all thy shores, in loveliness and glory;
Each scene boasts some relic of the hardy olden time,
Steep cliffs tower around thee, crowned with castles hoary,
Famed in song and legend, our own—our German Rhine.

Goth, and Gaul, and Hun, by thee vied in slaughters,
And thy hills once echoed Cæsar's trumpet blast;
Attila the mighty, gazed upon thy waters,
When, with savage hordes, the scourge of nations passed.
Over thee to conquest, went the stern crusader,
Breathing pious vengeance, to gain the holy shrine.
Later ages still saw the Frank invader,
Flying o'er thy frontiers, our own beloved Rhine.

Lawless chiefs looked on thee from their rock-built eyries,
But their reign of rapine has long since passed away;
Freedom's march has riven cell and dungeon dreary,
And their feudal strongholds, are crumbling to decay.
Now by peaceful towers, thy freighted waves are glowing,
In thy fertile pastures herd the lowing kine,
Autumn's golden treasures, in thy sun are glowing,
Blessings be upon thee! our own, our German Rhine.

Blessings be upon thee! thou broad majestic river,
As thou sweepest onward with a giant's pride,
Now with foam and rushing, like a youth's endeavor,
Eager in the strife to battle, and be tried,
Now mid rocky heights, where ruins gray are darkling,
Now through sunny vales, where blooms the ruddy vine,
Then again through meadows, in the sunshine sparkling,
While the maidens sing thy praises, our own beloved Rhine.

Long may peace and plenty shine on all around thee!
Never may thy barrier be crossed by stranger's sword;
Yet then should he find, as before he found thee
By thy banded children, to German hearts restored.
Tender and true are all thy fair-haired daughters,
Patriot and gallant every earnest son of thine,
Oh may forever such dwell beside thy waters,
Worthy home and thee, our own—our German Rhine.

H. C.

From the Boston Christian World.

REFLECTIONS...TUESDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 31, 1844.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARK.

"I wish, not rotting like a weed,
But having sown some generous seed,
Fruitful of farther thought and deed,

"To pass, when life her light withdraws,
Not void of righteous self-applause,
Nor in a wholly selfish cause;

"In some good cause, not in my own,
To perish, wept for, honored, known,
And like a warrior overthrown,

"Whose eyes are dimmed with glorious tears,
When, soiled with noble dust, he hears
His country's war-cry fill his ears."

The Two Voices.

Thus to my heart my spirit saith,—
"I stand within the house of Death.
To-night the year breathes out its breath.

Stand on this rock of thought, said I,
And watch the moments drifting by,
As this old friend lies down to die.

See them approaching, calm and slow,
Then through the flaming circles go,
To the unseen abyss below,

They pass from out the Future, fast,
Yet in the Present may not last,
But leap and hurry to the Past.

The chambers of the East are gay,
The Future smiles with rosy ray,
The Past is wrapt in misty gray.

Where is the life we hoped to live?
Tell me, thou moment fugitive,
Canst thou no lasting treasure give?"

The moment answers, "Blame not me,
For in thyself the power must be
To make of Time Eternity.

To him whose soul is keen and clear,
Who lists to God with open ear,
The moment may outlast the year.

For daring purpose, noble thought,
Or gleams of Heaven in spirit caught,
And fixed allegiance to the 'ought,'

Make each hour run with golden sand,
Give joyful strength to heart and hand,
By slothful ease before unmanned.

Smooth life in study, chamber, hall,
Through thousand years may softly fall,
A hero's day outlasts them all.

Then mourn not that thy days depart,
Mourn only thy unloving heart,
Taking in life no noble part.

But cast thy banner to the wind,
Give to thy brother's cause thy mind,
Fighting the battles of mankind.

Oh, happy death! not death but life!
To perish in this glorious strife,
By warrior's sword, or murderer's knife,

To stand mid thousand calumnies,
Where envy's burning arrow flies,
And make thy name the mark of lies.

Like him who gathered in his breast
A sheaf of spears, and onward pressed,
To make a pathway for the rest.

Thus shall thy life, rich, full, and free,
A hymn of Lord prove to thee,
Or causeway of Arcola be.

The slave, by dull Savannah's stream,
Shall have, through thee, one happy dream,
And in his hope a freeman seem.

The widow, in the lonely night,
The friends of freedom and of right,
Shall gain from thee new hope and might.

And though high rank and civic fame
Are not for thee, yet shall thy name,
Give good men joy and cowards shame.

And thought of thee some soul's distress
With secret inward consciousness,
Of guilt their tongues may not confess.

Thy truth, thy hope, new life instils,
Where pour a thousand fey rills,
Down Massachusetts' rocky hills."

Thus, then, discarding doubt and fear,
We tread the threshold of the year,
And welcome it with ready cheer.

For all the work the hour demands,
We wait with ready hearts and hands,
The cross upon our shoulder stands.

And if we fall this year, we know,
The grass shall greener o'er us grow,
And God's free breeze above us blow.

Another hand shall grasp our shield,
Another hand our sabre wield,
And battle in the bloodless field.

And though our grave forgotten lie,
The life within us shall not die,
But rise to immortality.

Miscellany.

From Hood's Magazine

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A DAY'S TRIP TO CALAIS.

BY F. O. WARD.

Musis amicus tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis. *Horace.*

Il faut voyager quelquefois, pour rapporter les humeurs des nations etrangeres, et pour frotter et limer nostre cervelle contre celle d'autrui.—*Montaigne.*

——— loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbors men. *Comedy of Errors.*

O ye who are at this moment joyfully roving the windy moors; whipping the shallows of the mountain streams; or yatching in the Channel with a flowing sheet; reflect on the horrors of a metropolitan autumn, and pity your less fortunate fellows. While ye drink the free ocean's taintless breeze, or snuff the nutty woodland odors, they breathe the dilute typhus of the city's drain-infected air; while ye gloriously bronze and freckle beneath unclouded suns, they walk, darkling, in deep trenches of brick and mortar; and gradually etiolate in shadowy excavations, till at last they look thoroughly underdone.

"My dear, Sir," said my physician, dropping my wrist, "this vague fretfulness that you describe creeping in your nerves is the instinctive complaint of Nature against your artificial habits. There is a physical as well as a moral conscience; and yours is at this moment reproaching you with the foul air that you have for six months breathed, and prompting you to a purer life. Drugs might mitigate these corporal rebukings, as opium dulls the moral sense; but the only cure for your physiological compunction lies in the obedience to physiological law; and the physicians that I would recommend you to consult are the Sea, the Air, and the Earth."

"But, my good Sir," said my lawyer, next morning, tapping a parchment, "this business positively requires your presence in town. Fresh air and all that sort of thing is highly beneficial, no doubt, and exceedingly well in its way; but business, Sir," said the dry little man, taking a huge pinch of snuff, "*business* is the first consideration."

So stood the problem—Physic enforcing the claims of Nature—Law, the equally inexorable demands of Civilization. Expediency, the untier of knots, stepped in with her usual solution—the middle course.

"A day's run to the Continent," said I, "shall compromise for an impossible month in the moors." So, thrusting some shirts and a razor into my carpet-bag, I proceeded forthwith to London Bridge.

A steamer lay alongside the wharf, on the point of starting for Calais. As my destination was "the Sea, the Air, and the Earth," she answered my purpose to a tittle; and I got on board with the exultation of a schoolboy escaped for a holyday.

The wharf was lined with lounging spectators, whose idle indifference contrasted strongly with the sturdy toiling of the porters, and the anxious haste of the voyagers, pressing on to the various boats. The tall ships, soon to be dispersed to all quarters of the globe, lay rocking gently close beside the great buildings fixed there for centuries. The broad black chimney of the steamer silently vomited its lazy volumes of dense smoke; while the narrow roaring steampipe by its side shot forth a viewless jet, whitening upward to fleecy cloud. Great iron cranes stretched from the warehouses like sinewy arms, each dipping its crooked finger into some teeming hold. As fast as one of them brought out a bale or barrel, it turned on its shoulder joint, bringing its prey to the gaping mouth of the hungry warehouse behind, which instantly swallowed it, and swung out its arm to seize another morsel. Meanwhile, the river steamers went panting by; and innumerable wherries cut the water with their iron-tipped beaks, shaped like inverted ploughshares. And high above the turmoil of the swarming multitude, the white tower of St. Magnus' church rose calmly full in view, standing on the river's brink, surrounded by ships and warehouses; an image of peace amidst babbling strife; a solemn hint of eternity, to moderate the clash and struggle of mundane passions and interests.

To reach the steamer, I had to traverse a ship discharging a cargo of mustard. Finding that it still wanted ten minutes to the time of departure, I went to watch the process. Six men, standing in a semi-circle around the hatchway, hauled each a rail of the rope, which hoisted the casks to the deck. They were di-coursing merrily among themselves; and I begged one of them—an honest-looking, weather-beaten tar—to give me a taste of the fun.

"Why, you see, Sir," said the man, "Bill Splicer has been a coming one of his artful dodges over Wider Jones, as keeps the chandler's shop in Goodman's Rents."

"What dodge?" asked I

"Well, Sir, Bill meets her in the street, and tips her the wink, and, says he, 'I've summit spicy for you, mother,' says he, 'so spread out your apern,' says he, 'and take this ere prime lot o' mustard,' says he, 'wot I've had the luck to prig out of a broken barrel aboard the Nancy,' says he, (cos this here's the Nancy, Sir, you see,) 'and give me a gallon o' beer,' says he, 'and go home and don't say nuffin to nobody, for why should you?' says he, and she spreads out her andkerchief, and gives him the beer, and he cuts his lucky, and she goes home, and—ho! ho! ho!———

Here he laughed, and shook his head, and wiped the tears out of his eyes with his cuff.

"Well, and what then?" said I.

"Why, Sir, it warnt mustard at all, dy'e see, but shumach, (out of the Leopard down yonder,) and Bill was a saying when she come to wash her andkerchief what a bright yaller it would be turned, and when she come to mix her mustard—ho! ho! ho!—how werry stiff it would be, and what a good drop o' beer it was, ho! ho! ho!

"But why did Bill pick out a widow woman to be down upon with such a dodge?" said I.

"Werry true, Sir," he replied, resuming his gravity, "and I don't say the contrary;—but then she thought it was stole, Sir, you see,; so there you have it the t'other way, which brings all square, you understand."

The remark showed a rough, practical sense of poetical justice. "Werry true" admitted the fault of the thief; "all square" concurred with Fate in imposing a fine on the receiver.

"And after all what has Bill done," thought I, returning to the steamer, "but imitate on a small scale the wholesale frauds of our ill-organized commerce; which falsifies and adulterates almost every commodity of life; mixes cheap substitutes with our very bread; and even tampers with the medicines of the sick and dying. Bill's coolness pales before the barefaced audacity which openly sells the powdered rhubarb cheaper than the solid root, though pounding it is an additional item of cost. And, whether Bill and his comrades would have spared an honest woman or not; Commerce, certainly, in its indiscriminate lust for gold, spares neither honesty, nor industry, nor poverty; but poisons and plunders all alike. And in this mad competition of fraud who gains? Bill passes off sumach as mustard, and in a return gets a deleterious narcotic draught as infusion of malt and hops. The grocer sells sloe-leaves as tea, and next minute buys lard for butter—or swallows some noxious substitute instead of wholesome rhubarb. And so the juggling trick goes round; each losing by his neighbor's cunning the penny gained by his own; while for all, without exception, the sum of health and comfort is materially impaired."

As I mused, the roar of the steampipe ceased, the wheels began to turn, and the vessel moved sluggishly from the wharf, gradually quickening its speed. With beautiful precision she threaded her way through the mast-thronged pool; now dextrously evading the great, slow, sullen, coal-barge; now stopping with backward wheels to let some nimble wherry dart across—as a lion might spare to trample on a mouse. But soon, emerging from the crowded pool, she gained the open river, and put forth all her strength. Then, how the creaming water rushed backward from the rosring paddles! How fearful the doubled velocity seemed, as we whirled past some leviathan hurrying in the opposite direction! On we dashed. Past Greenwich's stately domes; past trim Blackwall; past Woolwich's steamy flats; at length past muddy Gravesend. And now the flying spray began to leave a fresh saltness on the lip; and the river widened into the estuary; and the receding banks showed through the mass of intermingling air, like narrow sepia streaks, with trees and houses standing dimly out—flat shadows painted on the sky. On we went. Past Sheerness and the Medway; past the Reculvers; past cockney Margate; round the North Foreland, to the open sea.

The blue water was perfectly calm, its light ripples danced pleasantly in the sun; no one was ill; every one seemed exhilarated and happy. Only one old lady, with a grievous face, had established herself behind the leeward paddle-box, with her head conveniently disposed for action; as you take a front place in the pit, and wait for the play to begin. But nothing came of it, though she sat there all the passage with a lugubrious aspect, as if she had made up her mind to misery, and were defrauded of her rightful due.

The assortment of passengers was as miscellaneous as usual. There were several slim young ladies, sitting apart, duly cloaked and veiled, apparently intent upon their novels; though I fancied that the corners of their eyes were not wholly indifferent to outward things. And there were several fat mammas, who, over their newspapers and sandwiches, ceased not from slow rumination. And there was an elderly gentleman, diligently improving his mind by means of a telescope; with which he read the names of distant ships, and counted the number of men in the rigging, and reported this to be a brig, and that a schooner, and the third a batque; all which particulars, a pale boy by his side, (who reminded me of the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge) seemed eagerly to drink in, and lay to heart.

And on the forecastle were half a dozen commercial travellers, and *commis voyageurs; habitues* of the vessel, to whom all was stale and familiar. One, a fat, dozing fellow, told me he had brought a cargo of baskets from Metz, and was returning with west of England bacon to Paris. Another, a lean German Jew, with little keen grey eyes, was on his way to Pesth on the Danube, and gave me a flaming account of the magnificence and luxury of that city; where, according to his statement, you may enjoy all the pleasures of Paris at less than half the cost. His pronunciation gave now and then an amusing ambiguity to his discourse; as, for instance, when he declared that his strength had been "rejuiced" by the hydropathic treatment; that the French would never "shoot" the English, &c. (meaning "reduced" and "suit,") A third—the most voluble Frenchman I ever met with—poured out upon me a torrent of autobiography, having especial reference to his *bonnes fortunes*—the heroines of which ranged upward from Parisian grisettes to Russian princesses and Italian prima donnas. And then, touched by some occult impulse, he suddenly "changed his pipings," and sang of his sorrows; telling how he had that day undergone fraud and extortion at the hands of perfidious Albion, in the purchase of a gingham umbrella for his own use, and also a small rocking-horse for his nephew. "For my little nephew," said he, "has a lame foot, and cannot walk, and I thought that the rocking-horse would be good exercise for him, and might perhaps do him good."

"Confound the fellow!" said I to myself; "after all that farrago of swaggering fibs, he comes in with a bit of good feeling at last, and entirely destroys the unity and oristic probability of his character. Shall I never fall in with a thorough good study of heartless vanity—a consistent badness, that will do to put in a book?"

The announcement of dinner diverted my thoughts into a less speculative channel; and I descended into the cabin.

The first thing that struck me was the tremulous motion of everything on the table. The boiled mutton had the palsy; the vinegar cruets kept up a chilly chattering in their frames; one nosegay incessantly nodded—the other, as if in contradiction, incessantly shook its head; the beef shuddered under the carving-knife, as if it were hurt; the tall bottles of *vin ordinaire* danced like volatile Frenchmen; only the punchy bottles of English porter stood firm, with characteristic stolidity.

The captain, a tough, weather-beaten little man, deeply pitted with the small-pox took the head of the table, and did the honors with the quaintest politeness imaginable. Perched all day on his paddle-box, and accustomed to rough-handling of the elements, the cabin dinner seemed to comprise for him all the grace and poetry of life. There was something irresistibly comical in the dainty tenderness with which he proposed beefsteaks to the ladies; puckering all his features into smiling wrinkles, and striving to adapt his gruff tones to flute-like accordance with the soft occasion. And that tough, pale, stringy-beef—he inquired if it was to your liking with such an infectious relish and hearty good faith—pressing on you by turns more gravy, and more fat, and a racier bit of the brown—that at last I almost believed in the beef myself; and, at any rate, had toughness been toughened fifty-fold, I should have scorned to disturb his joyful conviction, or dishonor his so genial invitation; but, quelling rebellious nature, would have sent up my plate with a smile.

After dinner I ascended to the deck; and, pacing up and down, held a long "consultation" with the Sea and the Air. At last the day began to close in; and when we were half way across, the sun set.

It was a gorgeous spectacle. Along the sea ran a luminous path, leading the eye to the empurpled horizon. The sun's dilated orb hung like a ball of fire in a narrow blood-red chasm, the jagged edges of which glowed likes the bars of a furnace. The upper vault of heaven was strewn with light fleeces, dipped in delicatest rose. The fire that streamed upon the sea was golden towards the horizon, but the nearer ripples sparkled like rich bronze, (an effect occasioned, I think, by the dun reflection of the smoke upon the gold-tinged water.) As I gazed and gazed, the pageant slowly faded; the chasm closed over the sunken globe; and the short twilight that succeeded, thickened into cold, grey night.

As the vessel hurried on through the dark, the lamp light from below streamed out at every pore. The small glazed apertures of the deck stared up at you as you passed like blood-shot eyes. Through the open hatchway of the engine-room, the furnace projected a fierce red glare obliquely upward on the dark mainsail; and in the illuminated space thus formed, the shadow of the crank and piston rose and fell, like a gigantic skeleton arm working some enormous winch; while the figures of the stokers at their work below, crossed and recrossed the sheet, like the slides of an immense magic lantern.

"Look up," said a voice by my side. Turning to see who spoke, I could discern only a dark streak in the air near me. I obeyed the phantom's instructions, however; and, raising my eyes, saw directly over my head a long coal-black rent in the sky—a bottomless abyss horrible to gaze into. Suddenly a shower of red sparks shot into this gulf, followed by a thick forked tongue of pale leaping flame—which, however, instantly destroyed the illusion; revealing the motion of the smoke, as it flowed heavily from the chimney, and stretched like a palpable black stain across the sky. I turned to thank the gentleman who had spoken, but he was gone.

It grew darker and darker. At last, happening, as I paced the deck, to look over the side of the vessel, I beheld a sight, the beauty of which no language can express. Torrents of pale silver fire poured backward from the paddles, and spread on the dark sea in luminous sheets, through which, at intervals, intenser lustres shone like white hot embers. Here and there, soft greenish scintillations floated up and vanished, like bursting bubbles of starlight. Far backward from the vessel stretched a wide white track, in which the crested ripples gleamed like feathers of sunny frost. The nearer waves foamed with keen edges of undulating light, which seemed to creep and curl along the water, like spectral snakes. From the prow the parted spray sprang up in glittering curves, which broke and fell on either side—now, fine as sifted diamond dust—now, in broad flakes of splendor.

As I stood gazing with fascinated eyes upon these beautiful phenomena, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of another "dark streak" by my side. He stood near the prow, leaning with his body bent half over the gunwale, in an attitude which looked almost dangerous, and gazing intently upon the sea. He neither spoke nor moved; and for some time, not choosing to disturb his contemplation, I remained equally silent. So we stood musing, side by side, for about a quarter of an hour; till at length I felt the situation growing awkward, and ventured a remark at hazard.

"I believe it is you, Sir," said I, "that I have to thank for directing my attention a little while ago to the singular effect of the smoke. It was really a most remarkable illusion; and at first sight the heavens seemed cloven as with a black ravine."

He neither replied nor moved a muscle. I quite liked him for his enthusiasm.

"It is indeed a magnificent spectacle," said I. "How beautiful that rain of silver fire, continually quenched in the dark water—and continually renewed. How beautiful the dusty splendor of you floating spray, ground by the wheels to 'elemental subtlety.'"

No reply. I raised my voice a little.

"How beautiful the gleaming trail behind, flecking the distant void with fitful coruscations. How beautiful the jagged outline of this foaming fretwork, edging the black pall of ocean with a fringe of silver lace. How beautiful the luminous water dripping yonder from the corner of the paddle-box, like little drops of moonlight."

Still no reply.

I was *a little* nettled.

"Perhaps he is a philosopher," thought I; "if so, of course he takes me for a ridiculous fellow—with my fire and fretwork; and, now I look, he is hanging something down to the water—doubtless to catch a little of the phosphorescent spray for examination."

"The cause of these remarkable appearances, Sir," said I, approaching my face towards him—

Pshaw! it was the cathead jutting out in the dark, with the anchor hanging from it!

I turned on my heel in a pet.

"Well, well," thought I, next moment, chuckling inwardly, "this is not the first time that silence has been mistaken for sensibility; nor is my friend here," I added, patting the cathead on the back, "the only blockhead, by a good many, that has kept his own counsel, and passed for a philosopher."

When we neared the harbor, I looked ahead, and saw the red light of the pier, glowing, like a live coal, on the water. The vessel's speed was abated, the lead thrown, and a blue light burned, (a signal of inquiry whether there were water enough to enable the boat to cross the bar.) The effect of this pallid fire was curious, making suddenly as bright as day the deck that had, an instant before, been hidden in pitchy darkness; lighting up with a ghastly hue the faces of the dazzled voyagers, and, in particular, bringing into fantastic relief the little rocking-horse, which reared in the midst, with wild eyes and expanded nostrils, as if terrified by the unearthly glare.

We were soon alongside the quay, among the jabbering douaniers; and, my carpet-bag duly examined, I made my way to the hotel Richelieu.

[*To be continued.*]

Our Pennsylvania friends will be glad to read the following notice, and its accompanying letter, from the New-York Mirror, of J. Bayard Taylor. Mr. Taylor left at this office, on his departure for Europe, a few copies of his poems. It is a small and unassuming volume, and for sale at a low price.—G.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

We have once or twice mentioned this young poet, *a printer's apprentice* from a small town in Pennsylvania, who started to see the world with no means but his trade and his poetry. We had recognized his genius in a comment on some of his fugitive verses, and he called on us just before he embarked for England. We gave him letters to some of our friends abroad, and among others to a brother of our own, studying at Frankfort in Germany. In copying a letter from Taylor at Frankfort, which we have just received, we do not cross out his mention of this brother, partly because we think it honorable mention, and partly because we wish to give the whole letter as an interesting picture. Those rich fathers who have been half-ruined by their sons' travels, will find, by the following statement, at what cost the world *may* be seen! (The companion of Taylor on his travels is a young man from the same town.)

Frankfort on Maine.

MR. N. P. WILLIS—

My Dear Sir:—After four months of wandering since leaving America, we are at last settled for the winter, in the pleasantest situation we could find this side of home—with your brother, in one of the most agreeable families in Germany. We had intended spending the winter in Heidelberg, but, besides being a more expensive place, it is disagreeable on account of the many students; so, after living there a month, which was sufficient to daguerreotype its lovely scenery on my memory, we came to Frankfort, on learning they were willing to receive us here. You had reason when you told me I would like your brother; he is one of the noblest young men I ever knew. I need not say much of our travels thus far, except that instead of coming directly to Germany, we took a trip to the Giant's Causeway, and Scotland, made a pedestrian tour through the Highlands, and after attending the Burns' Festival, we descended into England from the Cheviots, and sailed from Newcastle to London.

To show you how cheaply one can travel, with care, I may mention that our whole journey of eighteen days through Scotland cost, for both of us, (without, except in one or two cases, denying ourselves any comfort,) only $25. However, I shall have to work this winter occasionally with my pen, to endeavor to raise means to enable me to go as far as Italy, and perhaps Greece, though I have determined to see Rome, with or without money, before going home. I consider it one of the most fortunate occurrences of my life that I am here, as I perhaps need the advantages of study more at the present time, and I feel already how vast they are. Then there are the glorious recollections of travel that will fill the whole of my after life with pleasure.

Would you be kind enough to write to me? or if that is too passing too much upon your time, to let me know in one of your letters to R. S. W. what success these poems I enclose may meet? With many thanks for your former kindness, which is not so often met with in the world, but that I shall remember it with gratitude, I am sincerely yours, J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

We shall give in a day or two the beautiful verses he has sent us, and if they stir the *sympathy* (Taylor is no object of *charity*) of any reader of the Mirror, whose money is not blessing some one, where it lies, we will joyfully remit the result to the romantic and energetic young printer.

From the London Nonconformist.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

Martyrdom in the past tense, is madness in the present. So thinks society—and if society should not think so, martyrdom would cease to be what it is. The martyr belongs to history, not to passing life. It takes the interval of one whole generation before his reputation for obstinacy mellows down into that of firmness. Time canonizes him—and the circle of glory which environs his head can be discerned only at a distance. When a man's self-sacrifice flashes unpleasant conviction into the eyes of his contemporaries he is a troublesome fool—but when he and they have passed off the stage, and his character is submitted to others for judgment, he is recognized as a martyr.

Every age is guilty of the inconsistency of building the tombs of former prophets and of persecuting its own. With strange obliviousness, it intently and busily sets about precisely the same work which it condemns the preceding one for having accomplished; and while its fingers gripe the throat of some poor servant of truth, it speaks in eloquent indignation of that cruelty which in foregoing times choked the utterance of an unwelcome message. Our glorious ancestors were the violent, vulgar, noisy, peace-disturbing men of their own day; and the crazy enthusiasts of our own era, if they will but continue crazy enthusiasts to the end, will be the honored fathers of that which is to come.

See, now, with what alacrity men warm themselves at the fire which nonconformity kindled some two centuries ago, and how they bless themselves and congratulate each other, upon the inextinguishable vitality of truth. See, whilst their own countenances are lightened up in the ruddy glow which it emits, and they smile back their gratitude, and look around in all the pride of triumph, and exclaim every now and then, "All hail the faith, and love, and courage, which God honored to light up this blaze!"—see how they will turn about them, and when, within the precincts of their own sect and day, they observe some unsophisticated brother prostrate on the earth, and laboring to puff into a flame, for the advantage of future generations, a little spark of truth, heedless of the smoke which blinds his eyes, they sneer at his imprudence, point at him the finger of their scorn, whisper away his character, and slily squirt water, drawn from any puddle near them, in hope of being able to quench what he is laboriously attempting to kindle. Oh! the industry with which these worthies will grope amongst the records of the past for splendid specimens of fidelity to principle, the care with which they will burnish them, the rich and well-chased language in which they will set them, and the ostentation with which they will carry them about as the ornaments of their own person—jewels upon which they can engrave their own initials—when at the self-same time they are treading under foot every modern concretion of the same moral element, and, wherever they discover it, calling it by a name which, if anything can, will ensure for it neglect and contempt for the next fifty years!

Softly! our wonder at the inconsistency of this world's wisdom, like a fiery Pegasus, will carry us, unless we take care, clean out of sight of the mark at which we aim. Let us alight in good time, and ere we have outrun our space, explain our design in careering so far upon the back of the above observations.

Resolute nonconformity presupposes self-sacrifice—but then that sacrifice must be out and out. To surrender things of one kind for an equivalent of another is comparatively easy. If men might but be esteemed martyrs during their own lifetime, martyrs would be cheap and abundant. There are thousands who will give all that they have, if they may but take back the worth of it in reputation. But this is an exchange which sincerity cannot hope to realize. The test of discipleship to truth is a more searching one. Let us look at it!

To maintain our fidelity, to the imminent hazard, perhaps the total destruction, of our worldly prospects, and then to be blamed for culpable imprudence—to provoke by our zeal the bitter hostility of opponents, only to reap as our reward the severest censure of our friends—to be diligent, and earn for ourselves the character of meddling busybodies; earnest, and be voted bores; vigilant, and be set down as spies in the employ of ill-nature or disappointed ambition—to see one friend after another forsake us, and hear society declare that we are rightly served—to lose caste, and obtain no pity—to have those acts whose birth was accompanied with pangs which rent our whole nature, blown upon, not merely by the reckless, but by the seemingly good and pious—to hold fast our loving on our avowed principles at the cost of all we prize on earth, and then to be assailed for our desperate obstinacy of disposition—to mean nothing but good, and to perpetually told that we do nothing but harm—to find ourselves left alone, avoided as dangerous, slandered as infamous, pointed at as warning mementoes of self-willed and self-sufficient misanthropy—and, haply, to quit life under a cloud, conscious that our departure hence will be generally hailed as a fortunate riddance—brother nonconformist, can you make up your mind to that, for that is the kind of self-sacrifice which truth demands of you?

Martyrdom! No, no! Don't count upon martyrdom, for its glory is for the dead, not the living. That name must first rot which is to put forth fragrant flowers. And when the beauteous petals open to the light, and win the admiration of all classes of men, the seed whence they spring will have ceased to be.

But come, brother! you are not without your reward, if you will look for it in the right direction. Call to mind, for your encouragement, the indescribable rapture of that moment when your eye first met the eye of truth, and, glance catching glance, your being seemed to unite with, and resolve itself into, hers. Then, for the first time, you read the secret of your own creation and history. New life tingled in your veins, and every power and every passion of your soul struck up a concerted movement of joy, the music of which was as the breath of immortality. Over your glowing spirit there stole the delicious feeling that for that hour and for that communion you were originally made—that all previous pleasure had been a mistake—all previous action a tale without a moral. You gazed again and again into the full and lustrous eye of the heavenly maiden, and saw yourself reflected there—and when she turned her mild but penetrating glance upon you, and made you feel that she saw all that your mind and heart contained, you took her reverently, gratefully, joyously to be your companion for all future time. It is in her society that you must now find solace—and in the witchery of her smiles that you must reap your reward. No light solace, no trivial reward either, to those who know how to appreciate them! They are characterized by a calmness, a closeness, a domesticity, a suitedness to what we are, what we would be, what we hope to be, which we vainly search for elsewhere. Within sound of her voice we are at home—and to that inner world of thought, feelings, susceptibilities, affections, which make up man, and which, in their untamed state, prey upon, worry, and destroy each other, her reign brings peace—"the lion lies down with the lamb—the leopard with the kid"—all living things agree—there is harmony within—there is sunlight without.

Nestle here, spirit of nonconformity, in the bosom of truth, and when worldly wisdom shivers in the storm, and must need bide its pitiless pelting, your *self-sacrifice* will be its own reward.

ON THE POWER OF THE HUMAN BODY TO RESIST HEAT.

It was long believed that the human body could not be safely exposed, even for a short time, to a degree of heat much exceeding that which is met with in hot climates. This opinion, which we know now to be erroneous, was strengthened by the result of some experiments made by the celebrated Fahrenheit himself, and related by Boerhave. Some animals were shut up in a sugar baker's stove, where the mercury stood at 136 degrees. A sparrow died in less than seven minutes, a cat in rather more than a quarter of an hour, and a dog in about twenty-eight minutes. The noxious air of the stove had probably more to do with the speedy death of these animals than the heat.

The truth upon this subject may be said to have been discovered by accident. In the years 1760 and 1761, M. M. Duhamel and Jillet were appointed to devise some means of destroying an insect which consumed the grain in the province of Augoumais, in France. They found that this could be done by subjecting the corn, and insect contained in it, in an oven, to a degree of heat great enough to kill the insect, but not so great as to hurt the grain. In order to ascertain the precise heat of the oven, they introduced into it a thermometer, placed upon the end of a long shovel. The mercury, when the thermometer was withdrawn, was found to indicate a degree of heat considerably above boiling water. But Mr. Jillet was aware that the thermometer had sunk several degrees as it was drawn towards the mouth of the oven. While he was puzzled to invent some way of determining more exactly the actual degree of heat, a girl, who was one of the attendants, offered to go in and mark with a pencil the heat at which the mercury stood; and she did enter the oven, and remained there two or three minutes, and then marked the thermometer at 100 degrees of Reaumar, which nearly equals 260 degrees of Fahrenheit. M. Jillet then began to express some anxiety for the safety of the girl, but she assured him she felt no inconvenience, and remained in the oven ten minutes longer, during which time the mercury reached the 288 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale—denoting 76 degrees of heat above that of water when it boils. When she came out her color was considerably heightened, but her respiration was by no means quick or laborious. This experiment was afterwards repeated. Another girl remained in the oven as long as the former had done, at the same temperature, and with the same impunity. Nay, she even breathed, for the space of five minutes, air heated to about 325 degrees of Fahrenheit—or 113 degrees above that of boiling water.

The publication of these facts naturally excited the curiosity of scientific men, and other experiments were soon instituted. Dr. Dobson, of Liverpool, and several other persons with him, shut themselves up in the sweating room of the hospital there—the air having been heated till the mercury stood at 224 degrees of Fahrenheit. They did not experience any oppressive or painful sensations of heat. Dr. Fordyce and Dr. Blagden made some remarkable trials of the same kind. They entered rooms artificially heated to a very high degree—sometimes naked and sometimes with their clothes on, and bore the extraordinary temperature of 240, and even 260 degrees for a considerable time, with very little inconvenience.

In all these experiments it was found that the animal heat, as ascertained by thermometers placed under the tongue, or grasped in the hand, was scarcely increased at all, and the respiration but little affected; but the pulse was very much quickened. The frequency of Dr. Blagden's pulse in one instance was doubled. Their watch chains and other pieces of metal about them, became so hot that they could scarcely be touched. When they breathed upon the thermometers, the mercury immediately sunk several degrees. Each act of respiration produced a pleasant feeling of coolness in the nostrils, and they cooled their fingers by breathing upon them. In and by the same heated air which they respired, eggs were roasted quite hard in twenty minutes, and beef steaks were dressed in thirty-three minutes. And when the air was blown upon the meat by means of bellows, it was sufficiently cooked in thirteen minutes.

A RICH ADVERTISEMENT.—The most original advertisement we have ever met with appears in a late paper published in Manchester, England. Here it is:

To Drapers, Haberdashers, Warehousemen, &c.—Wanted, towards the latter end of April, by an eminently pious young man of Scotland, who has been regularly bred to the above branches, and considerably experienced generally, a situation as assistant clerk, manager, salesman, or traveller. The advertiser is 21 years of age, possessed of excellent health, an amiable disposition, good ability, extensive knowledge of the great spiritual doctrine, strictly Evangelical, and would be found to be of immense advantage in assisting to advance the claims and reign of the Messiah's Kingdom, amidst all the civil and ecclesiastical opposition so prevalent among the nations of the earth in these latter agitating times. Testimonials and references to several eminent Evangelical Ministers and members of the Gospel, as well as to former and present employers, of the most strict and satisfactory tendency as to character and ability, with portrait, may be had on application. No objections to town or country, and would be willing to conform to the rules of a liberal Church or Dissenting family holding Evangelical principles, and make himself generally useful. A house favorable to Evangelical, Presbyterian, or Independent Church principles, affording permanent employment and progressive advancement of salary, preferred.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 Wall Street, (basement,) New-York.

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their present condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y., 40 miles south of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River; a large and never failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a new mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold. Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Fredericksburg, Va., 50 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500.

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Tooleborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,000 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prairie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land, with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cook, Sevier, and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for sale, to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any part of the country.

We also conduct an Agency for non-resident proprietors of Western Lands.

Agency for *procuring* and for *selling* Patents in the United States and in Europe.

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